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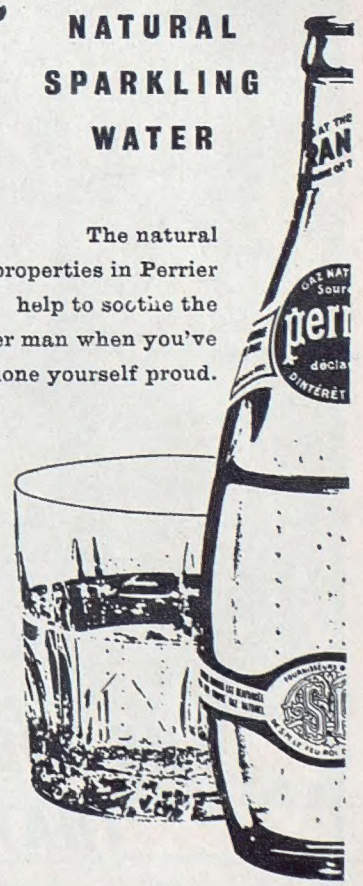

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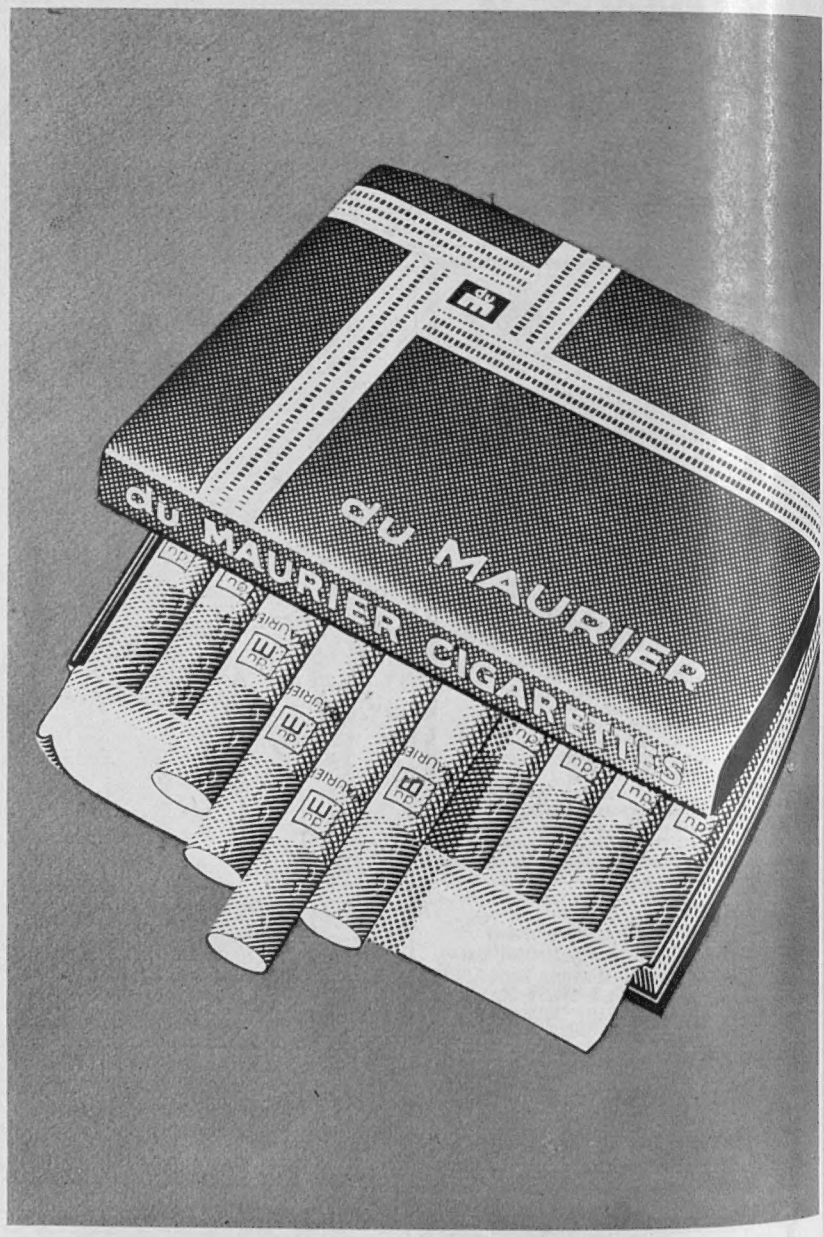

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Volume CCXLIV No. 3167

THE SPHERE

LONDON, February 11, 1961

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THE QUEEN IN PAKISTAN

Escorted by President Ayub Khan, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive at the President's Residence in Karachi for the banquet in their honour. When the Royal couple reached Karachi at the start of their visit to Pakistan, which ends on February 16, vast crowds lined the route from the airport to the Presidency. The Queen was showered with marigold and rose petals, part of the extremely enthusiastic welcome she is receiving throughout the Republic. On the first day of the visit, the Queen and Prince Philip laid a wreath at the site of the memorial to the founder of modern Pakistan, Mohammed Ali Jinnah. Then the Duke drove out to visit the refugee settlement of Korangi, which ultimately will house 500,000 people and is one of the proudest achievements of Field-Marshal Ayub Khan's regime. Other engagements undertaken by the Queen in Karachi included a review of the Pakistan Navy in the harbour. Prince Philip was taken by the President on a partridge and duck shoot at Sejawal lake, a marsh 80 miles from Karachi reputed to be one of the world's richest shoots

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NEWS SUMMARY

Mr. Hammarskjold's plan for Congo; the health of the people and the Press in Britain; Mr. Kennedy outlines his policy; agitation in Angola

INTERNATIONAL

Mr. Hammarskjold's plan for "neutralising" Congo was the main topic of discussion in United Nations circles in **New York** at the beginning of this week. The Secretary-General was asking for all troops of the rival Congolese armies to be sent into barracks for proper military training and discipline; the freeing of all political prisoners; formation of an all-party government and the recall of the Congolese Parliament, which was suspended by Colonel, now General, Mobutu, when he first came into prominence late last summer. At that time the majority in Parliament were said to be followers of Mr. Lumumba. Under the Hammarskjold plan the ex-Prime Minister would presumably be released. But it was thought Mr. Ileo would probably be the man to head a Coalition Cabinet. He was appointed by President Kasavubu to succeed Mr. Lumumba in September and has since then remained quietly in the background.

Natural disasters afflicted three continents during the week-end. Avalanches in the Lake District in **Britain,** in the French, Italian, Swiss and Bavarian **Alps** claimed many casualties. In the north-east of the **United States** nearly 100 people were killed in snowstorms and in north-west **India** ten were reported dead in a wave of intense cold. (See also page 222.)

GREAT BRITAIN

Parliament at **Westminster** was to debate economics and the Health Service this week. The Opposition was expected to make a particularly strong attack on the second subject as a result of the increased health charges. Last week Mr. Enoch Powell, the Minister of Health, announced that from March 1 prescription charges would be doubled to 2s. per item and there would be higher charges for false teeth, spectacles and hospital amenity beds; from June 1 welfare foods would no longer be subsidised but sold at cost price; from July 1 Health Service contributions would go up 1s. a week, the employer to pay 2d., the employee 10d.

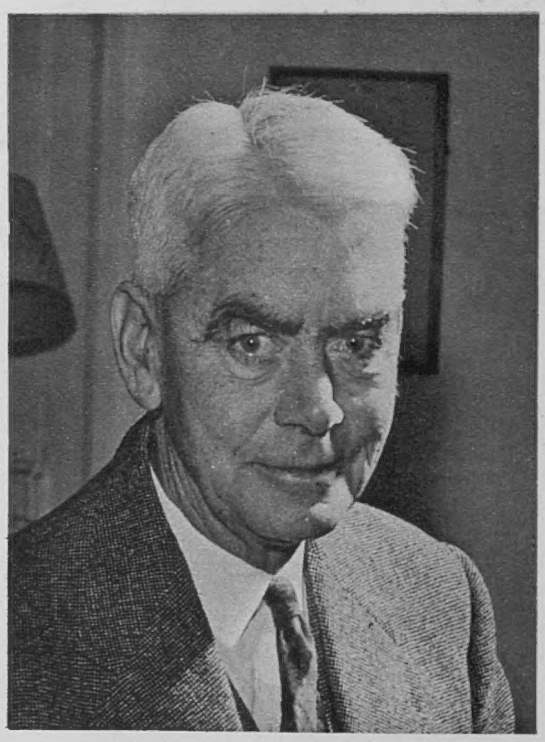
The Labour Government introduced the Health Service after the war on the principle that it should be entirely free, apart from the weekly contributions. In 1951, Mr. Gaitskell, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced charges for false teeth and spectacles. This led to the resignation from the Government of Mr. Aneurin Bevan. The following year a charge was made of 1s. per prescription for any number of items. In 1956 the prescription charge was further increased to 1s. per single item. Through the years increases have also been made in the weekly contributions.

Several questions asking for an inquiry into the general economic condition of the British Press were down for the Prime Minister in the Commons last Tuesday. Two days previously in the middle of the "battle of Fleet Street," newspapers had given a warm welcome to a very healthy newcomer to their ranks, the first issue of *The Sunday Telegraph*.

The constitutional conference on Northern Rhodesia in **London** (see page 207) was summoned to meet again on Monday. Over the week-end Mr. Greenfield, Minister of Law in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, had been the guest of Mr. Macmillan at Chequers. Mr. Greenfield was regarded as the chief emissary of Sir Roy Welensky, the Prime Minister of the Federation, who was understood to disagree strongly with the views being taken by Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, over the future of Northern Rhodesia.

THE UNITED STATES

Last week, the President sent the first of two Messages to Congress as his sweeping plans of rejuvenation got under way. He outlined a wide range of measures to fight the current recession, including increased Social Security benefits and an earlier retirement pension; temporary unemployment insurance extensions for long-term unemployed; and minimum wage increases. At the beginning of this week came the second Message to Congress, in which President Kennedy dealt with the American balance of payments deficit and the drain on American gold reserves. In a busy period in **Washington,** President Kennedy won his first important Congressional victory. This was in the bitter fight in the House of Representatives to enlarge the House Rules Committee, which controls the flow of legislation from other committees to the Floor. It had been in the hands of a conservative coalition which had been able to hold up, almost indefinitely, liberal legislative measures. After a fierce campaign by White House officials



The late Lord Dunrossil, Governor-General of Australia

and Speaker Sam Rayburn, the House voted by 217 votes to 212 to raise the committee's membership from twelve to fifteen. The move enabled the Democrats to gain control of the Committee. It was clear that the voting had cut across party allegiances and showed the balance between conservative and liberal forces in the House.

MIDDLE EAST

In **Cairo** last Monday James Zarb was released. Mr. Zarb, a British subject in business in Cairo, was arrested with another Briton, Mr. James Swinburn, in September 1956 on charges of espionage. Mr. Zarb was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude and Mr. Swinburn to five years. The latter was released in September 1959 under an amnesty for prisoners who had served half their sentences. Mr. Zarb was recently visited by his wife and children in the Turah Prison. In the 1956 trial in Cairo during the Suez crisis eleven Egyptians were also accused of complicity in a spy network. One was condemned to death and executed; sentences on the other ten ranged from life to three years' imprisonment.

The conference of the Foreign Ministers of the Arab League concluded last Saturday in **Bagdad.** One result of the meeting was an announcement from **Amman** that King Hussein of Jordan had ordered that radio attacks on the U.A.R. were to cease. The attacks were started after the assassination of the Jordanian Prime Minister, Hazza al Majali, almost immediately after the end of the previous Arab League meeting last August. (See also John Connell, page 210.)

ANGOLA

As the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria* was being handed back to her owners last week-end at Recife, in Brazil, rioting broke out in Angola, Portugal's West African province. In two days of disturbances in **Luanda,** the capital, the death-roll reached at least twenty. Armed bands of Africans and several white men made five synchronised attacks on police posts and prisons, but it was reported that they were beaten off. On the following day, at the funeral of six policemen and one soldier killed in the fighting, violence again broke out. The Portuguese authorities claimed that the disturbances were planned outside Angola, in connection with the seizure of the *Santa Maria* by Captain Galvao. But it appeared that there was a measure of support inside Angola for an African Nationalist movement. (Angola has 4,000,000 Africans, 200,000 half-castes and 200,000 Europeans. All of them are regarded as Portuguese because there are no colour distinctions in the Portuguese Overseas Provinces.)

FRANCE

Dr. Adenauer was expected in **Paris** on Tuesday for talks with President de Gaulle regarding the relations of the Common Market (of which West Germany and France are members) and the European Free Trade Association. Before he left Bonn, the Federal Chancellor received a letter from Mr. Macmillan in which the Prime Minister was understood to have outlined the discussions he had with the French President on the economic future of Europe a fortnight ago. Dr. Adenauer's visit to Paris was considered to be another move towards bridging the gap between the Common Market and EFTA (of which Britain is a member.)

AUSTRALIA

Viscount Dunrossil, the Governor-General, died in **Canberra** last week. He was sixty-seven and had been in office since November 1959. Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, paid tribute to Lord Dunrossil as a great servant of the Crown and people. "The Queen has lost a fine representative; Australia has lost a new friend; my wife and I have lost an old friend." The Queen sent a personal message of condolence from Karachi to Lady Dunrossil. Before he went out to Australia, the Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison, P.C., M.C., Q.C., was for eight years one of the most popular and distinguished Speakers of the House of Commons. In February 1959 he told the House that he had decided with great regret not to stand at the next election as a result of advice from his doctors. Previously he had held a number of Ministerial posts, including those of Minister of Agriculture (1936-39), and during the last war Minister of Food, and Minister of Town and Country Planning.

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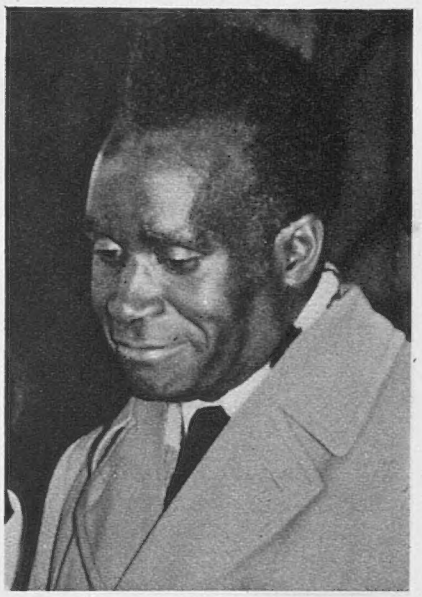
WAITING FOR THE COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS SECRETARY IN SALISBURY

MR. SANDYS COLLECTS THE BANNERS

When Mr. Duncan Sandys arrived in Salisbury to take the chair at the Southern Rhodesian Constitutional Conference he was met by large crowds of African demonstrators. For the most part they were good-humoured. The Commonwealth Relations Secretary took the wind out of their sails by asking for their banners, telling the Africans "I shall know then what you want." The conference was soon engaged in the controversial matter of the franchise, most parties represented having different proposals

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. C. J. M. ALPORT



THE NORTHERN RHODESIAN TALKS

Left: Mr. Kaunda, leader of the United National Independence Party, arrives at Lancaster House, in London, for the resumption of the constitutional conference on Northern Rhodesia. At the start of the talks the United Federal Party and the Dominion Party refused to participate, although their delegates were present in London

Far left: It was announced last week that Mr. Cuthbert Alport, Minister of State at the Commonwealth Relations Office, is to be U.K. High Commissioner to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland in succession to Mr. M. R. Metcalf. He is expected to take up his post next month. The conferment of a life barony on Mr. Alport means a by-election at Colchester

PRO-COMMUNIST PRISONERS IN LAOS

Soldiers of Prince Boun Oum's army are taking no chances with the two prisoners with their wrists bound being marched to the air strip at Vang Vieng to be flown to Vientiane, the administrative capital of Laos. They had been captured in the fighting along the road northwards to Luang Prabang, the Royal capital. Last week Prince Boun Oum's forces were reported to have full control of the road and to be planning to swing eastwards to attack Xieng Khouang, the stronghold of the pro-Communists and other Left-Wing fighters under Captain Kong Lae on the plain of Jars

PRINCE SOUVANNA PHOUMA IN CAMBODIA

The former Prime Minister of Laos stands in the villa in which he is staying in Phnom-Penh. He fled to the capital of Cambodia towards the end of last year. Having failed to form a neutralist "middle-of-the-road" government in Laos, he announced he was going into exile. Prince Souvanna is still regarded as the rightful Premier by the Left Wing in Laos and last week the Chinese Foreign Minister stated China would aid "his lawful Laotian Government"

In Karachi, the Queen is with some of the guests at the State Banquet given by President Ayub Khan. **Right:** Traditional costumes are worn at a ladies' reception

The Pakistan Naval Minesweeper *Mujahid* with the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and President Ayub Khan on board, steams past a line of warships during the Naval Review

The Queen is piped on board P.N.S. *Mujahid*. **Left:** With the President at her side the Queen drives through Karachi at the start of her visit

The Queen and the President stand in their car to acknowledge the welcome of the vast crowds as they drive slowly through Karachi's main shopping centre

ROYAL DAYS IN PAKISTAN

Her Majesty receives a guest at the Banquet, and, **right,** is fitted with overshoes before visiting the memorial to Mr. Jinnah

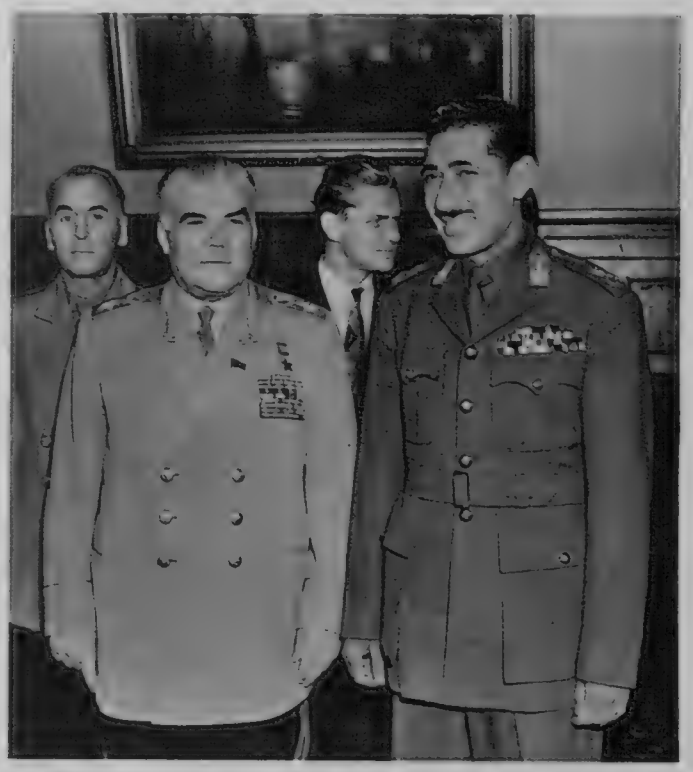
JOHN CONNELL

TWO MUFFLED CHEERS FOR UNITY

In recent years I have come to understand and to sympathise with the anxiety with which our grandfathers regarded what they described as the Balkan question, and the mood of semi-comical resignation which enveloped them, when they thought about Latin America. The Balkan nations (who remembers gallant little Montenegro?) had emancipated themselves from the old Ottoman Empire. The Latin American nations had emerged out of the collapse of the old Spanish and Portuguese Empires. They all discovered the difficulties and trials of independence; they were quite unable to keep their troubles—and their quarrels—to themselves. The Monroe Doctrine, with the powerful if tacit support of the Royal Navy, gave Latin America a century in which to achieve a degree of social cohesiveness and political maturity. It proved impossible to put any protective perimeter around the Balkans; and it was in a back street in a little Balkan town that the shot was fired which precipitated the First World War and destroyed European civilisation.

We are apt to persuade ourselves that we in our rougher, and far more perilous, times have evolved a machinery and diplomatic techniques which, if we make use of them properly, can prevent the world from stumbling into a similar—but far greater—catastrophe. It would be insanely irresponsible not to strive to the utmost to convert this tenuous, but pious, hope into an enduring reality; but, dear, oh dear, I wish that the words "united," "union," and "unity" could be banished from the international vocabulary—not because they are not noble words in themselves, but because they have been twisted and perverted to foolish and corrupt uses, and because they have a profound but forlorn attraction for those who have not the faintest idea what they mean.

How many member-states of the United Nations, for example, really possess any glimmering comprehension of the responsibilities and duties—as well as the opportunities to intrigue, blackmail, bully and cadge—which membership confers? Some of them boom and chatter away about "a Union of Africa," but—oh well, but just look. Then there is the United Arab Republic, which is neither united, nor Arab, nor a Republic. And have you ever listened—as I once spent many, many fly-buzzed, coffee-sipping hours listening—to Arab politicians talking about Aaraabyoonitee? There seemed no end to the declamations; it was essential to maintain, through waves of drowsiness, an expression of courteous and eager attention; and the phrases went round and round, like tired old horses in a ring; Progress, deemockrassie, Aaraabyoonitee, deemockrassie, progress. . . . I acquired a set of amber beads, and clicked them away happily in the company of my interlocutors. This agreeable exercise relieved the tension and clarified the mind; and I began to realise that every Arab politician is a close relation and disciple of Humpty-Dumpty.



Field Marshal Amer, Minister of Defence of the U.A.R., in Moscow in October 1958, with Marshal Zhukov, then Soviet Defence Minister

I have been prompted to express these crotchety opinions (I am conscious of a certain mild glee at the feelings of outrage they will provoke in truly progressive circles) by having to ponder the course and conduct of last week's meeting of that ill-begotten organisation, the Arab League, in Bagdad. Arab politicians, like young fashionables in London at present, play the game of who 's In and who 's Out. General Kassem, having been very much Out, is now just In, but only just. In parenthesis, have you ever noticed the accelerated promotion achieved by officers who, for one reason or another, find themselves on the crest of the political wave? Colonel—now General—Kassem; Sergeant-Major, then Colonel—now General—Mobutu; and the one I dote on particularly, Captain—then in almost no time at all, Field Marshal—Amer, Egypt's heroic leader in Sinai. I always hope that "A" branch and the paymaster's department in the local War Office catch up with these dazzling warriors in the matter of pay, allowances and emoluments.

But unity, O Muse of political double-talk, be my theme. Any meeting of the Arab League—and the one at Bagdad was no exception—produces a prodigious amount of chatter about unity, and it always proves insuperably difficult to translate that chatter into action. True, it was something of an achievement that they should be able to hold the meeting in Bagdad at all, considering the rudeness of the names which, in enormous variety, Nasser and Kassem have been calling one another for many months past. There is, without doubt, a certain *rapprochement* between the U.A.R. and Iraq. Is this due to the spirit of Aaraabyoonitee or to pressure by the Russians on their two clients? I have a bleak suspicion that it is the latter.

Hardly less significant, and from the Western Powers' viewpoint, rather more disagreeable, was the return of Tunisia to the fold. President Bourguiba has a way of propounding political truths which greatly upsets President Nasser, and his open pro-Westernism has long been a challenge to the whole theory and practice of modern Arab nationalism. But the main themes of the Bagdad conference were, of course, Zionism and imperialism—the former with a new and interesting twist.

Israel has always refused to sit down under the Arab boycott. Surrounded as she is by enemies on three sides, she has persistently made it her business to jump the trading and diplomatic barriers which they seek to maintain. From the outset she has striven to establish good relations with the newly independent nations of Africa, both on a commercial basis and in the matter of technical assistance. The African nations have responded warmly. When I was last in Jerusalem, there was many a shining black countenance to be seen, many a multi-coloured toga floated and swirled through the wide, cool halls of the King David Hotel. The Africans have a liking for the Israelis, who are untainted with sinister imperialist designs; they see for themselves the smallness of the country, the toughness and energy and pioneering spirit of its people; and they are aware of how much Israel has developed, and at what a pace, during the past twelve years.

Israel can produce, at commercial prices, many of the goods and commodities which they need. But much more important, Israel has the skills. Africans do not mind being technically helped and taught, but they are supremely touchy about the manner in which the aid is given. Israelis don't rub them up the wrong way; they are forthright and friendly; they have no discourteous notions about a "boss black-boy" relationship; and they enjoy communicating their knowledge, their experience, and their technical and professional skills. Therefore Israel's relations with countries like Ghana, Nigeria and several former French dependencies, have been, and still are, excellent.

The effect of this development on the Arabs' chronic neurosis has been exactly as could be predicted. At the "Pan-African" conference in Casablanca in January, Nasser nagged Nkrumah into putting his signature to a resolution which denounced Israel as "the tool of imperialism in Africa." Representatives of the Ghana Government then hurried to assure the Israelis that the resolution was merely a verbal formula, which they would not allow to affect the good relations existing between the two countries. Nasser, who can himself be pretty elastic with a verbal formula whenever he wants, was displeased. Nkrumah had to issue a Press statement emphasising that he and his Government stood by it. Whether Nasser was wise in making Nkrumah thus eat humble pie in public is questionable, but his own activities in Africa—especially in regard to the tangled situation in the Congo—did not go uncriticised in Bagdad last week.

If, the Iraqis said smoothly to the Egyptians, you believe that Zionism is the Arabs' principal enemy (lots of woolly heads nodded in vigorous agreement), then what the devil are you playing at, trying to build up an "All-African Command" to deal with Mobutu and plump the much-battered Lumumba back on his throne, when you have the arch enemy, Israel, on your doorstep? The truthful answer, which, of course, could not be given, is that Egyptian hatred of Israel, which is real enough, is heavily tinged with healthy funk. The Iraqis know this perfectly well; so do the Senussis; so do the Lebanese who, bless their hearts, are not amongst the bravest of the brave themselves. It is natural enough that they should find ways of reminding Nasser that they know. But such reminders, diverting as their efforts are, can hardly be said to be a practical help to the cause of Aaraabyoonitee. Is that cause perhaps a will o' the wisp?

WOMEN IN CONGO

Madame Van Meerbeek, a Belgian gymnastics instructor, takes a class in physical training at a school in Leopoldville

The Athenée Royal school in which Madame Van Meerbeek is a member of the staff, is the largest in the capital of Congo. It serves as a primary and a high school and has a total of 1,650 pupils, fifty-eight of them being white Belgian or Portuguese children. The staff are all white men or women. Like his wife, M. Van Meerbeek is a gymnastics teacher and he also has a post in Leopoldville.

The peaceful scene of pupils at physical jerks under their instructress contrasts with the picture of women adding to the tension and violence in Congo by participating in the demonstration of the Abako Party. This is the party of President Kasavubu. The demonstrators, many of them carrying banners with slogans, were shouting outside the U.N. headquarters in Leopoldville. They called for the removal of Mr. Dayal, the U.N. chief representative, and for the withdrawal from the U.N. force of the contingents from Morocco, Guinea and Ghana. They alleged these troops were pro-Communist and against President Kasavubu's Government.

Mrs. Helene Bemba took a portable tape-recorder with her to a parade to mark the promotion of Colonel Mobutu to Major-General. She recorded her commentary as she followed the official party on their inspection of the troops.

Women are prominent in an Abako Party demonstration in the Congolese capital

Mrs. Bemba, Radio Leopoldville's only African woman reporter, records a commentary

b

By the statue of Charles I in Whitehall, a piper plays during the annual commemoration service for the executed king. **Right:** The Rev. H. J. Sillitoe hangs a wreath over the door of the United Services Museum, in the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall, site of the execution

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

MURDER RIFE. Mr. Butler is under fire as an obstinate, prejudiced man who refuses to act to counter such a wave of murder as this country, once law-abiding, has seldom, if ever, equalled. In so far as he supports the Homicide Act of 1957, the charge is not amiss, for that Act is the *locus classicus* of what an Act should not be. It is utterly muddled, utterly inconsistent, utterly unworkable, and was so recognised in Bill form. Insofar as he refuses to be rushed into panic measures, called for by public clamour for which there is some justification, he is right. It is, of course, a misfortune that while he continues to " explore avenues," many more innocent victims must die. Waves of crime in special categories are part of our social history—the garrotters, the Rippers, and so on. The publicity given to them in sensational form encourages them in the underworld of criminals. Most criminals are unimaginative, most of them hanker after notoriety, even while they strive for anonymity for the sake of their necks. We have to remember that, in the days of the garrotters, we were a homogeneous population about half the size of to-day's. To-day we are immensely over-populated, under-policed and far from homogeneous and " sympathy with the unhappy criminal " is more widespread and more passionately advocated than ever before. Moreover, the idea that life is cheap, a recognised product of world wars, has persisted longer than ever before. These are conditions all favourable for a new wave of crime. All Home Secretaries are target No. 1 in such criminal phases. No one expects Mr. Butler to demand 100 per cent. capital punishment. Very many people expect him, without further delay, to admit the imbecility of the Homicide Act and to set about revising it. Meanwhile, there is a problem not only for children, parents and teachers, but for many an innocent adult. Suppose you or I were driving home over a lonely tract of country and passed a teenage girl toiling and drenched in a cloudburst or snowstorm a mile from the next village, what should you or I do? Stop and offer the child a lift and risk driving her off the road in terror or risk her taking your car-number and reporting it to the police; or take her in and risk a grilling from a policeman or road-block vedette? It's quite a problem. " Humanity " is no certain answer to suspicion aroused when murder is rife to the extent it is to-day.

MERGERS AND MONOPOLIES. All sorts of mergers and combines give me a headache. I am always finding from my bank passbooks that my modest holdings in this or that company have disappeared and reappear under new names with different nominal values. I suppose it is good for me and for all concerned in such inconspicuous transactions. But when it comes to large-scale mergers, it looks to me, in my innocence, as if a far more important principle is involved. The stresses and competition in " Capitalist " countries seem to demand these mighty amalgamations as safeguards, as economies in overheads, making bulk-buying possible or staff reductions through concentration of managements or what-not. But such mergers look to me more like a drift to dictatorship than examples of " Capitalist " expedients which the Communists trounce. In Communist countries it is not unusual that the hungry sheep are fed the food which dictators think good for them and supplied with the news which dictators think judicious to give them. But with these great mergers, in our own allegedly free country, of newspaper groups and of suppliers of our needs in food, goods and services, what free choice may still remain to us (to buy our goods, food and services where we like and to arrive at our own judgment of current events) seems to be vanishing, as our little shops and independent newspapers one by one are driven out of business or caught up in an immense monopoly. The hungry sheep no doubt are still fed, the fare supplied

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The Lord Mayor of London visits Whitbreads Brewery to inspect the horses and coaches which took part in the Lord Mayor's Show

Leaving a foaming wake behind her as she makes a tight turn, the new British Railways diesel-engined ferry *Catherine*, of 213 tons, is on her trials on the Thames at Tilbury. She is the first of three vessels built to replace the old ferries on the Eastern Region's Tilbury-Gravesend service. *Catherine* and one of her two sister ships are due to enter service early in March. They can accommodate 475 passengers each, with fixed seating for 202 people

may or may not be good for their health, but they are given less and less choice on the menu, and half the pleasure and the profit of eating is taken away with the right to choose and vary. And though our present dictator purveyors of news and food may all be concerned with our own and our country's good, it does not follow that their successors will not poison us with offals in the short-term interests of their groups and shareholders.

THE LORDS ON NATO. As A. P. Herbert once said or sang: " There 's a lot to be said for the Lords." They can be cool and dignified in their debates. They are not for ever looking over their shoulders to observe the reactions of their own splinter-groups or constituents. They usually select speakers with great experience of the subject under debate. Small wonder that one or two peers often tell us that it is fun to be a peer. Last week the peers debated NATO and in the course of it, they allayed some public anxiety. They mainly discounted the probability of a nuclear world war. They discounted the possibility that it could be touched off by a chance contact with a trip-wire. The House and we were given an assurance that NATO would not become a third " first-class " nuclear power, but agreed that, if it is to be an efficient fire brigade, it must possess the latest fire deterrents for which General Norstad asks. The U.N. has failed to provide global collective security. NATO was created to do what it could in that line for the West. But it was created at a time when the West had a monopoly in the nuclear deterrent and might now smell sweeter with a new name. Nuclear weapons evoke national pride and jealousy, and some say that a fire brigade with the old pumps and hoses could still do a good job without raising national jealousies and risking the loss of contributions from fire brigade-supporters' clubs. All agreed that NATO under any name needs better co-ordination and more equal contributions in men and money from its members. I don't know where all this gets us; I don't know what good will come of it at last. But when vital things call out to be done, it is the wagging of tongues and not the waving of a wand that starts the ball rolling. And there 's a lot to be said for the Lords when tongues are wagging, though to what extent that voice is heard in Washington, Paris or Moscow, I don't profess to know.

A PLEASURE CRUISE. In a world wherein lawlessness is rife and every possible means of implementing it is used, Captain Galvao, a refugee from Portuguese justice (and anti-Salazar), at first sight seems to have set international jurists a puzzle. The *Santa Maria* started out on a luxury pleasure cruise and among the passengers (not the crew) was Captain Galvao. It seems that he and some who share his views seized the ship by force and sailed her into the blue as a step in the direction of freeing Portugal from tyranny by setting up a free Government in a little bit of floating Portugal. " Our oldest ally " asked the British Navy for help to bring the mutineers to justice. If they can be classed as " pirates," they are common enemies of all civilisation and any state may apprehend them and bring them to justice by means of their own legal processes. But how to find them proven " pirates " until they are apprehended and tried? And how to apprehend them without assuming " piracy " before trial and, indeed, without risking the lives of innocent passengers and the scuttling of the ship itself? Piracy and mutiny on luxury cruises afford few leading cases for international lawyers. Is the *Santa Maria* a part of Portuguese territory controlled by a rival Portuguese Government? If so, it is no part of the duty of a foreign power to interfere in the domestic quarrels of a friendly nation, unless of course foreign nationals on board are in peril of their lives, which is denied by the " pirates." Then again piracy commonly implies two ships, the aggressor and the victim. Can acts of piracy be committed against the ship in which the pirates sail? Mutiny, of course; but that is the affair of the owners of the ship under their own laws. It is a pretty problem for international lawyers and a picturesque example of the popular fashion of winning freedom or liberty by licence in the sense of abuse of freedom. And I must leave the *dénouement* unresolved. At the time of writing the ship is still off the coast of Brazil, awaiting the assumption of power by a new President who promises to support the " pirates."

THE URGE TO WRITE. The Duchess of Windsor has decided to become a columnist in an American " monthly." " At last " (I don't quite see the force of " at last ") she has a chance to " tell the world " what she thinks about the treatment of her husband by his family, the British Government and many of his countrymen. For twenty-four years (she wrote) he " has been punished, like a small boy who gets a spanking every day of his life for a single transgression." This simile is not perhaps very exact. There can have been few such lifelong victims of " a single transgression," least of all of a transgression not mutually accepted. And, indeed, her complaint is rather of passive than of active treatment. I doubt whether if a " public relations director " had been assigned to the Duke at the time of the Abdication, the matters she complains of would have been avoided. I am very sure the Duke has many friends and sympathisers in Britain and many more who vividly remember his good work as heir to the Throne and his dignified Abdication; but I very much doubt whether the Duchess, as self-appointed public relations officer, will increase that already large circle. After all, it was not easy to place him in key posts after the Abdication and he certainly received from his family all the sympathy and help for which he then asked. His way of life he chose for himself with the Duchess's approval. It is no doubt an expensive life. They write books and articles because they enjoy writing, and enjoy the life they lead, which needs money. Their books and articles bring that money in very satisfactorily, and the Duke's first book, *A King's Story*, is a little classic in its *genre*. Sequels seldom give satisfaction. Men and women cannot eat their cake and have it. After all, Edward VIII's decision was a very big decision and implied a very wide break with the past.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Britten's latest opera at Covent Garden

A gap of nearly six years separated Benjamin Britten's last opera *The Turn of the Screw* and his latest, set to a libretto drawn by the composer and Peter Pears from Shakespeare's comedy. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was first performed at the Aldeburgh Festival last year and was given its London première last week at the Royal Opera House. By all accounts, Britten has met the formidable challenge of setting Shakespeare's words with a masterly ingenuity which has transcended many of the difficulties of a complex work. In several recent stage productions of Shakespeare's comedy, there has been a tendency to play down the contrasts between the worlds of the lovers, the fairies, and the rustics and to seek a unity by a wholesale comic treatment. In Britten's opera, the composer has established each of the worlds separately. The fairies are cast as small boys; the timbre of their voices is part of the haunting world of Oberon and Tytania. Puck is a speaking part, played by a boy acrobat, Nicolas Chagrin. This originality of treatment extends to the lovers, who are seen as a group and not as individuals, and to the rustics led by Bottom. The production at the Royal Opera House has been directed by Sir John Gielgud with the settings and costumes by John Piper first seen at Aldeburgh.

Oberon (Russell Oberlin) puts Demetrius (Louis Quilico) to sleep

The rustics, led by Bottom (Geraint Evans), perform before the court. Left are Theseus (Forbes Robinson) and Hippolyta (Margreta Elkins)

Tytania (Joan Carlyle) bids her fairies attend on the " translated " Bottom (Geraint Evans)

A reclining Tytania is surrounded by her court

Bottom leads his fellow rustics in rehearsal

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

GREAT BRITAIN

A plea for more time being given in schools for teaching about the Commonwealth is made in the latest Ministry of Education pamphlet *Schools and the Commonwealth*, published by H.M. Stationery Office (price 4s.). The authors are a group of School Inspectors. In a foreword Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Education, writes:

"To-day the Commonwealth is seen to be the greatest contribution men have ever made to the freedom from fear of conflict between people of different race and colours. Equality and friendship have taken the place of the superiority and suspicion which still characterises the relations of so many nations.

"Our children inherit this Commonwealth tradition, and we look to them further to improve on what has already been achieved, and to hand on the work of goodwill and peace to their children. But to do this they must learn about the men and women who made the Commonwealth what it is to-day—the seas they crossed and the lands and peoples they found. They must learn too about the leaders and the ordinary people who inhabit the many countries of the Commonwealth."

The pamphlet opens with a very useful chapter on the development of the Commonwealth in the twentieth century—"a unique achievement in human history"—and then goes on to consider the present position regarding study of the Commonwealth in primary schools, secondary schools and training colleges. Examples are given of what is being done. Then the authors pass to suggestions as to how these studies could be expanded. Syllabuses in history, geography, social studies and current affairs at all levels should be planned with this aim in view. Selection of Commonwealth topics should be as systematic as possible so that each topic dealt with may add to a gradually emerging picture of the Commonwealth as a whole. In all Commonwealth instruction the fullest use should be made of the contributions of those with experience of life in other Commonwealth countries, whether they be teachers, students or visitors.

The authors conclude that it is not enough to regard the Commonwealth as an interesting part of world studies and therefore worthy of a place in schools curricula. "Some schools may well be given credit for what they have already achieved in teaching about the Commonwealth, but at the same time all should reflect that their pupils will not be fully-equipped for their future responsibilities as citizens unless they leave school knowing more, and in certain cases much more, about the Commonwealth than is at present usual."

Schools and the Commonwealth is intended primarily for teachers in Britain, but it contains much thought for those concerned with education in every Commonwealth country.

AUSTRALIA

Figures published recently by Australia's Federal Statistician, Mr. S. R. Carver, showed that the population of Australia at the end of September stood at 10,332,033, of whom 5,223,267 were males and 5,108,766 females—an excess of 114,501 males. This male ascendancy is not a recent development. Australia for many years has had a majority of males in its population, in contrast to most European countries. Between the wars, the degree of masculinity tended to diminish. This was partly the result of a long-term fall in the birth-rate and the increasing proportion of the population in the higher age groups, in which females preponderate owing to their greater longevity. At the 1947 census the numbers of the sexes were practically equal, but there has since been an increase in masculinity owing to a rising birth-rate and to large-scale immigration, most of the immigrants, particularly in the early post-war years, being males.

Although immigration is only partly responsible for the unbalance of the sexes, the Government has been adjusting its immigration policy to redress the balance. The Government took a further step in this direction late last month with an announcement that, in relation to migrants who pay all their own fares to Australia, absolute priority will be given to nominations on behalf of parents, wives, dependent children, sisters, fiancées and other unmarried women. (Unassisted migrants make up a little less than half of the total migrant intake.)

When he made this announcement at the opening of the Twelfth Citizenship Convention in Canberra, the Minister for Immigration, Mr. A. R. Downer, said that he was conscious of a fairly widespread belief in Australia that the Government should be doing more to establish a balance between the sexes. But the Government could already claim some measure of success in dealing with the problem. In the three years 1948 to 1950 there was a surplus of 62,000 males in a total migrant intake of 409,000. In the three years 1957 to 1959 the surplus of males had fallen to fewer than 4,000 out of a total intake of 353,000. Mr. Downer added that the intake of migrants from Mediterranean countries in 1959-60 and for the first six months of 1960-61 included more females than males. He stressed that the decision to give absolute priority to females among unassisted migrants would not conflict with Australia's drive for increasing numbers of skilled workers.

Meanwhile, Australia's unmarried men are not inclined to be worried by the statistics. The shortage of women is not nearly so frightening when expressed in terms of women of marriageable age. In 1954 there was a shortage of 120,000 women of marriageable age in Australia; by 1959 this figure has been reduced to 82,000. The male majority tends also to vary from State to State. For example, in New South Wales, the country's most populous State, there are only 3,735 more males than females. Another happy sign is that 87,000 migrant men found Australian-born brides between 1946 and 1959.

SOUTH AFRICA

February 14 will be South Africa's D-Day—D for decimalisation. A detailed master plan will then come into operation for changing over from pounds, shillings and pence to a decimal system with 100 cents to the Rand. Already the new Rand has been officially recognised in world financial circles and its par value fixed at 10s., or exactly half of the old pound unit, by the International Monetary Fund.

The Union has been investigating the introduction of a decimal system since 1945. By 1958 the third commission on the subject recommended a speedy decision which Parliament took the following year. Almost immediately a high command—a special full-time Decimalisation Board—was set up to plan the details for a smooth changeover. The decision and the planning that have followed it have been carefully watched by a number of other interested nations. The huge task of educating the public and of changing 160,000 monetary machines scattered over an area of 800,000 square miles, to name two of the major problems, has held the attention of several other £ s. d. countries. Australia and New Zealand are busy with official decimalisation inquiries, while a Government Committee in the Federation of Rhodesia and

Mr. J. B. Johnston

Mr. D. A. Scott

Mr. H. G. M. Bass

When Sierra Leone achieves independence next April, Britain's first High Commissioner in Freetown, the capital, will be Mr. J. B. Johnston. It is regarded as almost certain that Sierra Leone's application to the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference in London next month for admission as a full member of the Commonwealth will be agreed. Any new independent member of the Commonwealth has to make such a formal application. Mr. Johnston is at present Deputy High Commissioner for Britain in South Africa. Aged forty-two, he was educated at Banbury Grammar School and the Queen's College, Oxford. He will be succeeded in Cape Town by Mr. H. G. M. Bass, the Deputy High Commissioner in the Rhodesia-Nyasaland Federation. Mr. Bass is an Old Marlburian and a member of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He entered the Dominions Office in 1946. His post will be taken by Mr. D. A. Scott, an assistant-secretary in the Commonwealth Relations Office in London. He was a secretary on the staff of the Monckton Commission

WEALTH

The need for knowledge about the Commonwealth; Australia's preponderance of males; D-day in South Africa; planes and ships for Ghana

Nyasaland has recommended a change similar to South Africa's. And in the United Kingdom and Ireland there has been much interest.

The complete change to decimal currency in South Africa is expected to take between fifteen and twenty months. For that period dual currency will be in circulation while the old currency is gradually withdrawn by the banks. On D-Day the banks will start with about 40,000,000 decimal coins and notes to replace sterling. Prior to that day and in the subsequent period, armies of technicians will be adapting monetary machines (accounting machines, tills, petrol pumps, and so on) and the Government will start paying out between £6,000,000 and £7,000,000 in compensation to machine owners. To facilitate these changes the banks and other institutions like the Johannesburg Stock Exchange will be closed on the day before D-Day. The Exchange has added that it will make a number of dummy runs on the day decimal currency is introduced to familiarise members and dealers with the new procedure.

Many methods have been employed and many thousands of pounds spent to introduce the Rand to the public. The campaign has had to reach the literate and the illiterate, the young and the old. While school children have been paying particular attention to decimal points, a million posters in English, Afrikaans and Bantu languages have put the change across visually. A special 22-page cartoon-strip booklet has enjoyed a wide free circulation and technically detailed financial and accountancy treatises have been made available. There have been public and broadcast talks in the effort to cater for all of the nation's 15,000,000.

One of the most difficult aspects of the change from the public point of view is that twelve pennies will now be equal to ten cents and that there are not always direct and equal equivalents. Commerce has agreed to lose on the roundabouts what they gain on the swings with the smaller coinage. And here the Government itself has set the example in the postal services, increasing some prices to the nearest cent and reducing others to balance revenue at the old level. With this particular problem the Decimalisation Board achieved the greatest and most unexpected success of its education campaign—a recording which has reached South Africa's top ten. From juke boxes and the Broadcasting Corporation South Africans have enjoyed listening to " Decimal Dan " of which the one verse says:

Notes and silver are worth the same,
Remember it 's just a change in their name.
Decimal Dan the Rand/cent man
Gives you cents for pennies whenever he can:
Six for sevenpence
And seven for eight,
And seven and a half for ninepence.

After February 14 there should be no excuse for any South African not to know that South Africa's exports in 1960 (a record despite boycott attempts) were worth R1,448,492,000 or exactly twice £724,246,000.

At a luncheon in London, the host, Mr. J. C. Achara, Agent-General for Eastern Nigeria, sits with some of his guests. They are, from left: Mr. David Williams, Editorial Director of Oversea Newspapers Limited; General Sir Frank Simpson, representing the West Africa Committee; Sir John Balfour, chairman of British and French Bank Limited, and Sir George Beresford-Stooke, formerly Governor of Sierra Leone

GHANA

Two recent ceremonies—one in Ghana, another in the Netherlands—provide evidence of Ghana's latest expansion in international communications. In Accra, a contract was signed for three Vickers VC-10 jet airliners, the first order to be placed for these British aircraft by an overseas airline. In Flushing, Lady Korsah, wife of Ghana's Chief Justice, performed the traditional christening ceremony at the launching of the *Pra River*, the first vessel to be specially built for the Black Star Line.

The aircraft, which will eventually join the Ghana Airways fleet, were ordered soon after delivery had been made of a second turbo-prop Britannia. But in placing orders for the national airline, the Government has been careful to maintain the non-alignment policy which is a feature of the country's attitude in international relations. Already in service are American Dakotas and British Herons, soon to be joined by Russian Ilyushins, British Viscounts and American Boeings. Mr. Krobo Edusei, Minister of Transport and Communications, has said many times that the Government is not so much interested in making profits from the airline as in projecting the African personality and furthering the interests of African unity.

Like Ghana Airways, the development of the country's mercantile marine under the name of the Black Star Line was a natural sequel to independence in 1957. At present the Line operates four vessels which were bought from previous owners. The *Pra River*, costing £850,000, is one of eight new ships under construction, all of which will be delivered during the next two years. The expansion has come soon after the Ghana Government became the sole owners of the Black Star Line by taking over the 40 per cent. share of the Zim Navigation Company of Israel for £231,000.

As in the case of Ghana Airways, the national shipping line is a reflection of the national aspirations in a young and forward-looking African Republic. Lady Korsah put it this way at the Flushing ceremony: " The formation of our mercantile marine was in fulfilment of the dream of our President and our country. It gives us the means to play our full role in trade and commerce and cultural exchanges. For a long time we had been cut off from the world, partly by such geographical factors as the Sahara and the Atlantic, but largely through our circumstances as the dependency of a colonial power."

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

Left: Mr. Henry Petre, the Englishman who founded the Royal Australian Air Force, spins the propeller of a three-cylinder Deperdussin aircraft at the R.A.A.F. Academy at Point Cook, Victoria. Mr. Petre was on a visit to the air base at which he formed the first Australian military aviation unit at the request of the Federal Government nearly fifty years ago. The Deperdussin was one of the five planes he had originally on strength at Point Cook. Mr. Petre, a solicitor, learnt to fly in 1910

The eighteenth-century facade of Bishopthorpe, York, seen through the gatehouse of the same period

ARCHBISHOPS' HOMES

The Archbishop of York's private Chapel

The restored Chapel at Lambeth Palace

Dr. Fisher sits with Dr. Ramsey (left) and Dr. Coggan

The Archbishop of York's private rooms are in the right-hand end of this wing at Bishopthorpe

Dr. Ramsey at luncheon in his residence near York. On the right of the table are Mrs. Ramsey and the Rev. J. Andrew, the Domestic Chaplain, and on the left are the Rev. J. King, editor of the Church of England newspaper, Miss Kitchingman, the Archbishop's Private Secretary, and Mrs. Tanqueray (in foreground)

When he becomes Primate of All England in succession to Dr. Fisher in June, Dr. Ramsey will move from Bishopthorpe, the official residence of the Archbishop of York, to Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Both buildings have served their purposes for centuries and contain many treasures of ecclesiastical and domestic architecture. Like most great English houses, Bishopthorpe, on the outskirts of York, is a conglomeration of styles, from the thirteenth century through the Tudor and Jacobean periods to the eighteenth century. Peter Atkinson added the gatehouse, which is the main entrance, and the neo-Gothic façade to the main building in 1765. Behind the façade are the State drawing- and dining-rooms. The thirteenth-century chapel is at the back. In the State rooms hang portraits of the previous Archbishops.

Dr. and Mrs. Ramsey have their home in a wing built in the Cromwellian period on the left-hand side as one approaches the main building. It is presumed that when he succeeds Dr. Ramsey, Dr. Coggan and his family will also occupy these private rooms. Although Archbishops and Bishops often reside in palaces, they personally nowadays live in anything but palatial style. However, they still need large buildings for official functions, meetings and other purposes connected with their duties.

At Lambeth the Archbishop of Canterbury also occupies only a very small part of the Palace for his personal use. The Archbishop has another official residence in his See—the Old Palace at Canterbury. Lambeth Palace is one of the landmarks of London on the south bank of the Thames, opposite the Houses of Parliament. The buildings range from Early English to Late Perpendicular in style. Three Archbishops are particularly associated with its architectural development: Boniface in the thirteenth century; Chichele, Primate from 1414 to 1443, and Howley, in the first half of the nineteenth century, who transformed the Great Hall into a library which has become one of the most important sources of ecclesiastical and theological documents in the world.

Lambeth Palace suffered severely from bombing during the last war. The damaged parts of the buildings have now been restored.

ght: The entrance to the residential part of Lambeth Palace

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SURPRISES IN PAISLEY

Do you know what a " buddy " is? You know the word, of course—if you are addicted to Americana on television you will know it very well—but do you know what it means? I thought I did. Maybe, like me, you have considered it to be an Americanism, meaning " chum," or something like that, something a little closer than mere friendship. If so, you are, like me, wrong. The word is not an Americanism, save by adoption, and it does not, properly, mean " chum " or anything like that. It is a good Scots word and it means a " Paisley man." How do I know? Because I have just been in Paisley.

It is right and proper that there should be an individual word to designate a Paisley man, for Paisley is a very individual town. This may seem to be a grossly exaggerated statement: and I admit at once that it is not easy for a stranger to tell where Glasgow ends and Paisley begins. I understand that there has once or twice been talk (in Glasgow) of incorporating the smaller town. Such talk finds no support whatever in Paisley. If you so much as mention it, you will be likely to be whisked off on a conducted tour of the town, shown all the public parks, with which Paisley seems to be particularly well endowed, the Abbey, the Observatory, the Public Library and the Art Gallery, where there is a permanent exhibition commemorating the town's history; pumped full of information about the town's industries and shown as many as possible; and so forth. If you want to know all about Paisley in the course of a brief visit, just mention Glasgow. Paisley is a very patriotic place.

It is also an ancient one. There is a story that there was a Roman settlement here, presumably in connection with the building of the Antonine Wall. But I do not know that there is any convincing evidence, or any evidence at all, to support that. There can, however, be no doubt that the recorded history of the town goes back to the middle of the twelfth century. You would never think so, just looking at Paisley. This is a busy industrial town; Scotland's largest burgh, I was proudly assured; the population is somewhere around the 100,000 mark. And the architectural aspect is, broadly speaking, nineteenth-century industrial; which is to say that Paisley is not a beautiful town. Only the Abbey, originally a Priory, and Robert Tannahill's house, a one-storeyed thatched weaver's cottage in Queen Street, remain of old Paisley. Or at least, that is all that I saw of old Paisley: but I feel pretty sure that, if there had been anything else, I would have been shown it.

Robert Tannahill, a weaver, seems to be regarded by those Scotsmen versed in the subject as the most gifted of the disciples of Robert Burns. He committed suicide in 1810: perhaps because he did not relish the rather frustrating role of disciple, for he was a man of ambition. Ironically, his house is now the headquarters of the Paisley Burns Club.

Small vessels are tied up alongside the snow-covered quays of Paisley Harbour

The Abbey, a Cluniac house, dates from 1163; the first monks coming from Wenlock, in Shropshire. It was raised to the status of Abbey in 1245. This was the burial-ground of Scotland's famous sons and daughters. Here lie all the High Stewards of Scotland, except Robert II. Here lie the last Scottish chieftain, who was Lord of the Isles, and the daughter of Robert the Bruce. Queen Victoria visited the Abbey in 1888 and caused a gravestone to be placed over the then anonymous grave of Robert III. It is really remarkable that the worthies of Paisley, after so many centuries, should have known so certainly who lay there.

Although a very ancient foundation, there is nothing of the original building left. That was destroyed by the English in 1307. Rebuilding was slow and was not completed until the end of the fifteenth century. Then it was not very well done, for the tower collapsed shortly afterwards. And so did the one built to take its place. The nave, the oldest part of the building, dates from about the middle of the fifteenth century. The rest is the product of a series of restorations (1788, 1859-62, 1898-1907, 1919-28), some of which amounted to rebuilding rather than restoration.

In 1859 the newly-appointed minister recorded that the Abbey " was like a charnel-house. The burial-ground outside reached above the sill of the windows. The floor was earthen, and you were afraid if you stirred your foot you would rake up some old bones that lay uncomfortably near the surface." The major restoration which took place after his arrival was, obviously, not a matter of " making good " but of making new.

The result of all this work is most pleasing. It included the removal of slum property which had encroached almost to the walls of the Abbey, and the restoration of the Place of Paisley as a residence for the minister. The Abbey and the minister's house form a charming and dignified centre for what otherwise might easily be a drab town. I understand that a new town centre, a new shopping centre, is projected and that work on this may start soon. This, no doubt, will be just another example of modern " slab " architecture, and characterless. At any rate, I doubt very much if it will approach in dignity the Town Hall, which I discovered to be an imposing exercise in civic pride.

But what interested me in Paisley was not the industry, although it is one of the great thread centres of the world, a great cornflour centre, the home of one of the most famous marmalades, an engineering centre and a ship-building centre. I confess that I had no idea that there are shipyards at Paisley, and it seems to me that everyone in Paisley knows exactly how many miles of thread, how many pots of marmalade, and so forth, are produced annually. What really interested me was a statue: the statue of Alexander Wilson, who was born here in 1766. If I had ever known that Alexander Wilson was born in Paisley, I had forgotten it. Finding this statue was one of the thrills of my life.

Like Tannahill, Alexander Wilson was a weaver. He, too, had a gift for rhyme: but also a bitter wit. He used his gift for lampooning the weavers' employers. This soon got him into trouble. He got the sack, and nobody would re-employ him—they must have been good verses!—and finally, on the edge of starvation, he emigrated to America. There he peddled poems, became a schoolmaster, and met the naturalist, William Bertram. This was the turning-point of his life. Bertram enthused him: Wilson devoted the rest of his life to natural history and made himself the foremost American ornithologist of his day and one of the foremost in the world.

His *American Ornithology*, for which he engraved and coloured most of the plates himself—and magnificent they are—became the standard nineteenth-century work on American bird-life and is now an eagerly-sought collectors' treasure. There is an original set of his works in the Paisley Library. Alexander Wilson was a very great man, a genius in the strict sense of that much-abused word. Looking at his statue, I wondered if he took the word " buddy " to America. I should not be surprised.

A copy by the Dutch forger Van Meegeren of a painting by the Dutch artist Van Baburen. Vermeer included Van Baburen's picture as a detail in the background of two of his own paintings

Two panels by a late nineteenth-century forger, believed to be of Spanish origin

A mummified mermaid, made out of a monkey and a fish

FORGERIES

On show at the British Museum

The Piltdown skull

The Exhibition in the Department of Prints and Drawings of the British Museum of forgeries and deceptive copies provides a warning of the ingenuity of man, whether he is only copying a masterpiece he fancies or intending to deceive the experts. It is divided into different sections, covering natural history, antiquities, ethnography, medieval and Oriental works of art, coins, medals, pictures, drawings, manuscripts and books, music and postage stamps. Side by side with the notorious, the skull of the Piltdown Man, or T. J. Wise's false edition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets are the curious—mermaids and the catalogue of the imaginary library of the Comte de Fortsas

A modern cast of a fourteenth-century bronze ewer

Another of the fake mummified mermaids

A modern forgery, a pottery effigy vase from Colombia

The tugboat *Zephyr Havana* (top left) and her barges are caught in the ice in the Mississippi near Cairo, in Illinois, U.S.A. The boat was eventually pulled out by the *J. D. Haynes II* (right foreground)

A freighter outward bound with grain crashes through the ice on the Hudson river at Albany in New York

ICE AND FLOOD

In spite of strong competition from political tempests and frosts, the weather continues to hold its place in the news. Last week parts of the United States were severely affected by extremely cold temperatures. Shipping on the Hudson river in New York had to break through the ice and on the Mississippi in Illinois some vessels were ice-bound. In Britain the menace was from floods. Gales with gusts of up to 82 m.p.h. swept many parts of the country. Areas of the Isle of Wight were inundated and on the mainland opposite, in Hampshire, several roads were covered for a time with up to 1 ft. of water. Roads in parts of Sussex and Kent were also under water. At the other end of the world, Indonesia was suffering an unusually heavy rainy season.

Left: Villagers are waist-deep in water in a village near Jakarta after a heavy downpour during the rainy season in Indonesia

At Seaview, near Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, a road along the coast is surrounded by the sea on one side and flood waters on the other

The liner *Gripsholm* (left) sets out from New York along the ice-bound Hudson and meets the inward-bound *Rotterdam*. In the background is Manhattan Island

TRAVEL

THE CHARMS OF ELBA

By **GORDON COOPER**

The steamer that takes tourists to the isle of Elba departs several times daily from the frenzied little port of Piombino, two hours by train from Rome. The sea-trip takes less than an hour and a half. When you reach the old iron harbour of Portoferraio, you see walls and buildings lining the harbour's edge where handsome yachts, many of them British, ride at anchor.

In the town itself white-clad sailors stride the embarcadero, and so do village youths and girls and there are Vespas and horse-drawn carriages painted brown and shielded from the sun and from prying village eyes by canvas curtains. The Darsena is the best hotel (but quite inexpensive) and it fits in the wall of the city like a chunk of the ramparts. Its long, awning-shaded, dining terrace, its street-side bar and the balconies attached to the rooms upstairs all look out on the bustle of the waterfront, the water and the hills beyond.

Frankly, there is not a great deal to see in Portoferraio, although the island itself is one of the most beautiful in the western Mediterranean. Still, it is fun to stroll around the old town. There are cafés in the main square, and they offer a *calzone*, a sort of covered pizza, or sell you a small souvenir barrel of Aleatico, the deep, sweet red wine of the island, or Moscato, the white. In Elba, the vines are planted in the lowlands where they are protected from the sea winds. Cradled in the hollows they absorb the sun and yield a strong, sweet wine that is 17 per cent. alcohol.

Long staircases lead up the hills towards the castle of Cosimo I of the Medicis, who bought Portoferraio in 1545, fortified it, and renamed it Cosimo. After a fretful history, Elba was finally given to Napoleon as a Principedom and an island of exile. The Emperor spent his first night in the city hall of the old town. In the Chiesa della Misericordia you can still see Napoleon's death mask which is kept in a black and gold sarcophagus, a copy, incidentally, of the original now at the Invalides in Paris. Each year, on May 5, the Fraternity of the Misericordia hold a special mass and parade through the ancient streets dressed in black masks.

One trip most visitors will wish to make is to the Villa Napoleon, which lies about four miles south-west of Portoferraio. It can be reached by bus service, while it also makes a pleasant walk. In its setting of silent hills, planted with groves of green oaks and terraced vineyards, it has not changed much since the exiled Emperor lived there. The small house, consisting of only a few small rooms, is impressive because of its simplicity. What a contrast, one thinks, to the glories of Fontainebleau and Versailles. From the terrace there is a fine view of Portoferraio Bay.

The visitor has a choice of places in which to stay. Each little curving bay has its own sand beach and often its bright, new hotel. On the curving gulf of Biodolo, the Hotel Hermitage shares the beach with the colourful encampment of tented tourists. The guests sleep in cottages scattered on the hillside all the way to the sea's edge, and they gather for meals in a glass-walled dining-room, with a wide terrace looking out to sea. In summer, the inclusive pension rates work out at about £3 a day.

Nestling in an adjoining cove is the Hotel del Golfo, a charming establishment in modern decor perched on the edge of the Gulf of Procchio, Then, a few miles along the shore is Marciana Marina, an old Medici village, where you can lodge simply for around 30s. a day, with meals. You find here, too, an excellent restaurant, the Marinella, which specialises in grilled lobsters.

Inland, up the mountainside, a twisting road brings you to Poggio Terme, 1,000 ft. above sea-level, free from mosquitoes, and cool even on hot summer days. Yet, within a few minutes you are down at the sea, bathing possibly in Paolina Bay, where Napoleon's sister is said to have taken dips.

The village of Poggio is medieval in character —a delight in itself; while another village in the mountains, Marciana, a mile or two away, is similarly fascinating. Above all, however, there is the Hotel Fonte Napoleone, which ranks in my memory as being as delightful a place in which to spend a holiday as any in Europe. It is an ideal hotel for a honeymoon, or for a *dolce far niente* holiday. Naturally, this well-nigh perfect hotel is not inexpensive, and pension prices would be at least £3 a day, but, personally speaking, I would rather live like a king there than fritter away the same amount in a popular resort.

Undoubtedly, Marina di Campo is the most favoured holiday centre. Lying on the edge of a plain dotted with olive groves and vineyards, it has the finest beach on Elba. The busy fishermen lend plenty of life to the charming little port. If you stay there you can make a picturesque little tour in the mountains, passing through S. Ilario in Campo and S. Piero in Campo. The French have set up a summer camp here in a settlement of thatched huts (Club Méditerranée; U.K. representatives, Travel Counsellors, 139, Kensington High Street, W.8), while across the bay the Germans are encamped under a group of green tents.

In the neutral ground between is the charming hotel called the Iselba, hidden amid pine-woods looking out to the white sand beach and across the gulf to the green hills. Far out to sea are the small isolated islands of Montecristo and Pianosa. The former used to be a hunting reserve of the King of Italy, but is now uninhabited; the latter island is a penal settlement and you cannot land there without a special permit.

Portoferraio on the island of Elba

Altogether, Elba is the kind of spot to which many people will be glad to escape, unlike Napoleon who wanted to escape from it. As large as the Isle of Wight, this "Kingdom of Sweet Idleness" is the perfect place if you want to spend a holiday sun-basking by an indolent blue sea; and the weather is never oppressively hot.

A final note: An alternative sea approach is from Leghorn, with a twice-weekly service which calls at the small islands of Gorgona and Capraia. Gorgona is also used as a penal settlement, and you require a permit to land there. Capraia is a barren spot, without any special appeal, but you can land there. There is a modest hotel. The Tourist Office (Ente Turismo) in Leghorn can provide further details, while for further information about Elba you should contact the Italian State Tourist Department, 201 Regent Street, W.1.

SWISSAIR—On their jet service between London and Istanbul, Swissair use the Caravelle and not the Comet as was stated in our issue of January 14.

NEW APPROACH TO HOLIDAYS

Amid the mass of travel agents' brochures I receive, it is pleasant to note those that offer a special interest. Erna Low (47, Old Brompton Road, S.W.7), for instance, offers a Flower Party at Samedan in the lovely Engadine, another at Verbier in the Valais, an architectural tour of Sweden, an archæology tour in the Dordogne, painting parties in Yugoslavia, also in Switzerland, Positano and on the Costa Brava, a Study Trip to Vienna's social institutions, a Swiss Gourmet Trip, and a Wine-Tasting Holiday in Portugal.

Special-Interest Holidays (140, Eastcote Road, Pinner, Middlesex) is a specialist agency for sporting and cultural holidays of all kinds. These embrace riding, sailing, canoeing, river and canal cruising, horse-drawn caravans, painting and sketching, and Greek architecture. Two other travel agents who strike away from the beaten track of holidays abroad are Lairdways (198, Sloane Street, S.W.1) and the W.T.A. (Gillingham Street, S.W.1), while it is worthwhile studying the brochure issued by Wings (48, Park Road, N.W.1).

The base camp in South Georgia from which a Royal Naval-Royal Marine expedition succeeded in climbing the 9,563-ft. West Peak of Mount Paget

CLIMBING IN ANTARCTICA

An expedition from the ice patrol ship H.M.S. *Protector* succeeded in climbing the West Peak of Mount Paget, the highest mountain on the island of South Georgia in the Falkland Islands Dependencies. Two previous expeditions had failed to make the ascent. The party, under the leadership of Captain V. N. Stevenson, R.M., of Plymouth, consisted of Lieut.-Commander M. K. Burley, R.N., of Kensington, London, and fourteen Royal Marine other ranks. They were put ashore by the helicopter carried by *Protector*. A base camp was established and then Captain Stevenson, Lieut.-Commander Burley and Corporal Beverley Todd, of Durham, started out for the West Peak. The climb took three days. At the summit a Union flag on a ski stick was left planted in the snow at a height of 9,563 ft. The team spent some hours on the top of West Peak before descending 2,000 ft. and spending the night in a pit dug in the snow. The three men rejoined the rest of the expedition next morning.

From left are: Lt.-Cdr. Burley; Capt. Stevenson, R.M. (both are also seen in the picture on right at the Summit); Sgt. Rainey; Cpl. Shimmings and, kneeling, Marine Hickton

BOOKS

MANNERS A LA PUNCH

A quota of biographies and memoirs is headed by a portrait of Lady Gregory; Miss Sackville-West's new novel

There was once a character in American fiction who persisted in looking for silver linings to clouds and was an absolutely dogged discoverer of bright sides to gloomy situations. For several excellent reasons this Pollyanna type went out of fashion, but some of the early indoctrination obviously lingers on because I have found just one advantage in a spell of perfectly odious weather: one enjoys reading even more than usual. As the wind howled round and the rain lashed against the windows one evening this week, I installed myself cosily for a study of A PUNCH HISTORY OF MANNERS AND MODES (Hutchinson. 63s.), very nearly the perfect picture-book for distraction and entertainment. Alison Adburgham has written the accompanying text, which is, in effect, a review of British domesticity during the past 120 years, and has quoted liberally from *Punch* verse, prose and humour. The result is the greatest fun and the drawings, among them some delicious du Maurier and Lewis Baumer ones, are up to the best standards of that great journal.

The quota of biographies and memoirs is headed to-day by Miss Elizabeth Coxhead's admirable literary portrait of LADY GREGORY (Macmillan. 30s.), the remarkable figure in the Irish scene who had so great an influence on the theatre there and, with her friends, W. B. Yeats and J. M. Synge, was one of the first triumvirate of directors of the Dublin Abbey Theatre. Bernard Shaw, another close friend, wrote of her that " She was the most complicated woman I can think of. . . . Very calculating, dutiful, courageous, purposeful—all that built on a bedrock sense of humour and love of fun and a bitter sarcasm, with a strong vein of simple coarseness of thought and simple inherited ' protestantism.' " Epstein's bronze head of her confirms, in part at least, the findings of this most perceptive of writers. In her career Lady Gregory was a many-faceted creator. She was an exceptional organiser in the theatre; she collected, and in many cases perpetuated, stories of Irish folk-lore; she was an historian, a hostess and a discoverer of talent in other people. Sean O'Casey was perhaps her most famous "find." She was also a playwright of real quality and originality and, in the view of Miss Coxhead—a view in which I completely concur—her work deserves to be more generally recognised, and played, in the contemporary theatre. It is extraordinary to reflect that most of her creative work was done after she was fifty years old. Lady Gregory never lost her zest for life and to the end was the chief moving spirit in the campaign to get the Lane bequest of paintings returned to Ireland. She would be happy now to see the Lane Room in the Dublin National Gallery. Her influence, immensely strong during her lifetime, may have faded but, if so, her memory has found a splendidly vigorous champion in Miss Coxhead, and a truly distinguished one.

JAMES THURBER and his wife (right) reach Southampton from New York *en route* for London. Mr. Thurber is now blind and can no longer produce cartoons, but he is still writing, by dictation. He and his wife have come to London for the opening of his play *Carnival*

A FLY-SWITCH FROM THE SULTAN (Hart-Davis. 18s.) is a delightful, rambling, occasionally witty and occasionally ribald book of memoirs by Mr. Darrell Bates, who served as District Commissioner in Tanganyika, sometimes administering a region the size of Wales, and always in the closest touch with the people he was dealing with. The fly-switch itself served as an unofficial badge of office and, besides his vivid recollections, it is one of the few things the writer has brought back from Africa with him. It is a long time since I have enjoyed a book of African reminiscences as much as this one, for its candour, its sympathetic approach to native problems, and its humour are all quite outstanding.

Once there was a man called Rosy, who walked like a penguin, drank a bottle of whisky a day, had a plump, pink face and was probably the greatest antiquarian bookseller the world has ever seen. Without too much pressing he would admit as much himself. Dr. Rosenbach died nine years ago in America. Even beyond book-collecting circles his name and his fantastic career remain legends, and now his biography has been written at immense length and in the closest detail by two younger colleagues, Mr. Edwin Wolf the 2nd and Mr. John F. Fleming. ROSENBACH (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 63s.) is the story not only of the Doctor and his amazing deals in Shakespeare First Folios and the like, but of his close-knit family life and the influence that this had on his abiding passion for books, when they were precious enough and dollars, when they were illimitable enough.

NO SIGNPOSTS IN THE SEA (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is possibly the most welcome book in this list: a new novel by Miss V. Sackville-West and, as such, a rare delight. The story itself is tenuous enough, the

IDEAS AND ACTION

A new assessment of Tom Paine

Thomas Paine, that much-travelled son of a Quaker staymaker from Thetford, Norfolk, has been the subject of many biographies, and understandably so. His powerful pamphleteering in America paved the way for the open movement to independence. He returned to Europe to fight Pitt's war policy, to pen *The Rights of Man* and " bedevil " the peace of England; and also to find time to be elected to the French Convention by the department of Calais. Incurring the suspicions of Robespierre, he was hustled to the guillotine, escaping his fate only by an accident. Paine's latest biographer, Alfred Owen Aldridge, has brought much new material to bear in portraying this vivid revolutionary figure who bestrode two continents. MAN OF REASON (Cresset Press. 25s.) brings out in particular Paine's personal relationships with many of the dominant figures of his day, and newly-unearthed French manuscripts are particularly revealing in this connection. Paine's last years were enveloped in obscurity, an extraordinary fate for a man who had succeeded in clarifying upon a world scale some of the principal issues of religion and politics. Perhaps that is what happens to most men when their ideas win wide acceptance.

Field Marshal Montgomery's ideas on leadership must inevitably command our interest and respect; for did he not discover a magic formula in the heyday of his North African success? When Montgomery comes to set down his ideas in cold print there is a Cromwellian ring of simplicity about them, and an academic style of writing to match. Churchill, de Gaulle, Nehru and Lincoln are some of the great ones of the earth according to the Field Marshal's appraisal, and there is a close examination of the problems of leadership in the field of industry, government and the youth service. THE PATH TO LEADERSHIP (Collins. 21s.) stems from the author's own deep interest in his subject, and if there is one message here of special importance it may well lie in Montgomery's plea that men and women with great responsibilities should be granted time to think, that they should not for ever, without a pause for breath, be at the call of those who want decisions, now, at once, and on the spot. One final word from Montgomery; wife and family should not be neglected, especially if the former is young and pretty —a skittish conclusion perhaps, but profound enough.

Another wartime hero, Leonard Cheshire, V.C., dwells also on this same subject of leadership in a remarkable book that reflects his changed attitude from the days when he led a hundred bombing raids on fortress Europe, winning the V.C., the D.S.O. with two bars, and the D.F.C., to the days when he embraced the Roman Catholic faith, seeking a new way of life and of service to the community through the Cheshire Foundation for the Incurably Sick. THE FACE OF VICTORY (Hutchinson. 16s.) is a book to ruminate upon, not one to make one's mind up about too swiftly. In fact it is a challenge to the reader's judgment; for we are learning the experiences of no ordinary man with no ordinary views.

Three books this week bring the spotlight on Near Eastern affairs. John Marlowe's survey of ARAB NATIONALISM AND BRITISH IMPERIALISM (Cresset Press. 30s.) shows first Britain (from without) then Egypt (from within) trying and failing to impose political unity upon the Arab people. Nasser's failure, perhaps, takes the most explaining. One cause of it has been the rise to dominance of young King Hussein of Jordan, who claims to be the real heir of the Arab tradition. Gerald Sparrow, who, like Mr. Marlowe, has a considerable knowledge of the Arab world, presents a most significant portrait in his biography HUSSEIN OF JORDAN (Harrap. 15s.). This quiet Harrow-educated young man has kept his poise amid mounting problems, and should be a figure to watch in the years ahead. Judge Sparrow has written a second book entitled MODERN JORDAN (Allen and Unwin. 25s.). This ranges widely across King Hussein's kingdom, presenting a living picture of a virile people. Some of the wonders of Jordan, not least Rose Red Petra, Jerash, and the Dome of the Rock, are charmingly described.

R. C. E.

record of a cruise to warmer seas during which a man under a doctor's sentence of death spends his last weeks falling more and more deeply in love with the woman whom he thinks unattainable to discover in the last minutes of his life that she is equally devoted to him. More than this, however, and infinitely satisfying, is the grace of the writing and the profundity of the author's reflections. I found myself reading as slowly as physically possible in order to prolong the beauty and the pathos of the experience.

For devotees of the detective or suspense story there are three in descending order of importance. First, and most recommendable, is Mr. Philip Loraine's THE ANGEL OF DEATH (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), in which the setting is Florence, Bologna and Cannes, each lovingly and knowledgeably described, and the action concerns the stealing of a Leonardo da Vinci painting. Exciting and believable in its own tense way. THE GIRL IN THE CELLAR (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is a new adventure of that prim little sleuth, Miss Silver, by Miss Patricia Wentworth, whose death two weeks ago brings an end to one of the best loved characters in detective fiction. Finally, THE MAN WHO KISSED BABIES (Muller. 16s.), which fits uneasily into this category but is basically a story of crime and violence. The best passages in Mr. James Campbell's book are, in fact, concerned with Parliamentary procedure about which the writer evidently knows a very great deal.

Vernon Fane

BLACK, WHITE OR GREY?

The name of Stamford Raffles rings a bell in the sixth forms. That of Sir George Grey, who died seventy years later, does not. Most people would assume he was one of the eminent men thrown up by the Greys of Hawick. Professor J. Rutherford, in his SIR GEORGE GREY (Cassell. 84s.), has given him his due as a pioneer colonial administrator of the Raffles calibre. In an exhaustively documented and very authoritative study of Grey's enigmatical character and controversial policies in South Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony (which is quite stiff reading) Grey receives his status, which contemporary England never allowed him. He is still freshly remembered in all the scenes of his labours overseas.

In part, *he* was the cause of his neglect in England. He was quarrelsome and jealous of interference. He had not the tact in his often pompous despatches to conceal that the man on the spot knew best; and in his desperate remedies to relieve desperate situations in South Australia, New Zealand and the Cape, he often shocked and was constantly thwarted by a succession of Colonial Secretaries and by the Treasury. Yet always he was selected again for difficult assignments, since John Russell first sent him out in his twenties to govern South Australia. It was a shrewd selection. He early revealed brilliant qualities as a soldier, immense courage, initiative and resolution in particular.

His experiences of soldiering in Ireland in the troubles of the 1830's gave him a sympathy with the underdog which inspired his policies and earned him a name of rebel and radical in cosy official circles at home. There his autocratic nature and self esteem made him *persona ingrata* and indispensible. In his three principal assignments he was for ever fighting with weapons of war and wordy arguments, for ever making bricks without straw. But the monuments raised to his labours are three mighty big Dominions to-day, overshadowing those of Raffles.

As a pioneer and Colonial administrator, planner and improviser, he deserves to stand in the front rank. As a politician he was a failure. He rose to be Premier in New Zealand but he never attained the gifts essential in politics. He was always a lap ahead in contemporary thought, and that has never made for contemporary recognition and rewards. Professor Rutherford has given us a very important biography and a text-book on Colonial government in Victorian times, of first-rate interest to three great Dominions within the Commonwealth and to the Home Government.

John Gore

Billie Peters (Janet Brown), George Selwyn (Alastair Sim), and Miss Herridge (Helen Christie) in a scene in the solicitor's office from the comedy-thriller at the St. Martin's Theatre

Morgan (George Cole) spies on George Selwyn

THE BARGAIN

at the St. Martin's Theatre

Michael Gilbert's second theatrical venture in association with Alastair Sim is a comedy-thriller of no pretensions except to entertain its audiences. (His first was the thriller *A Clean Kill*, at the Criterion.) The new play by this prolific writer is a vehicle for Alastair Sim, who also directed, in which the stalwart British comedian is able to exercise his ability for sly caricature. He plays George Selwyn, a highly respectable solicitor in Lincoln's Inn, with a powerful passion for collecting miniatures. He is anxious to obtain a bargain which is coming up for sale, thinking he is the only person to suspect that the miniature is by Goya; and gets a dealer to dispatch an unknown bidder to buy the bargain. But his temporary secretary, Billie Peters (Janet Brown), is the confederate of a crook. It soons becomes clear to a horrified George Selwyn that the auction is bogus and that the picture has been stolen from the collection of one of his most respected clients. Further complications follow fast. George Selwyn is involved in various indignities—blackmail, detention in his temporary secretary's flat in order to be compromised, and so on. The crook who causes all this trouble is played by George Cole: other parts are taken by Peter Furnell, Allan Jeayes, Helen Christie, Peter Copley, George Selway, Rosamund Burne and Anthony Davis. They provide skilful support for Alastair Sim, in another portrait of injured innocence at bay, he decorates the character with mannerisms, including a selection of nervous smiles and shrugs of bland irritation.

Left: In a sudden rush of courage, George Selwyn successfully knocks out Billie Peters, in whose flat he has been forcibly kept in order to compromise him

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Kenneth Preston

As chairman of Stone-Platt Industries Limited, Sir Kenneth Preston is the head of an engineering group of forty companies in the United Kingdom and sixteen companies overseas, manufacturing a wide range of machinery, a great part of which is sold abroad. The eldest son of the late Sir Walter Preston, he was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Oxford. After a short period with Armstrong-Whitworth, he became in 1925, at the age of twenty-four, a partner and director in the 100-year-old family engineering firm of J. Stone and Company at Deptford, making marine and railway equipment. In 1943 Sir Kenneth was elected chairman and joint managing director. Three years later he succeeded his father, who had formed the Textile Machinery Makers Group in Lancashire, as chairman of Platt Brothers (Holdings) Ltd. In 1958 this firm and J. Stone (Holdings) were merged to form Stone-Platt. Besides textile, marine and railway equipment, the group has now widened its activities in the field of mechanical, electrical and electronic engineering. In 1959, Kenneth Preston was knighted for his services to industry. He is a director of the Midland Bank, Averys and the Philip Hill Investment Trust, and a member of the Advisory Council of Export Credits Guarantee Department, the South Eastern Electricity Board, and the Southern Area Board of British Railways. A yachtsman with a reputation which extends far beyond the Solent, Sir Kenneth was a member of the British Olympic Yachting Team in 1936 and 1952, and was captain last year. He was the official representative of the Royal Yacht Squadron at the 1958 America's Cup Race. He is married, with two children, and lives at Tetbury, Gloucestershire, where he and his family hunt with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds

THE CEASELESS SEARCH FOR OIL

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

For every barrel of oil that any oil company takes out of any oil well in the United States it would like, in principle at least, to find another fresh barrel elsewhere; since there are some thousands of producing companies operating about 500,000 wells, that makes for a prodigious amount of drilling all the time. In some of the main Middle East producing areas so much oil has been located in relation to the tonnages which are actually being taken out that the incentive of " replacement " is not nearly as strong; besides, the chances of finding oil when one does drill are a good deal stronger. Nevertheless, a considerable programme of oil exploration continues. In a country such as Britain, which consumes a very large tonnage of oil every year and which is steadily increasing that consumption, nobody has ever managed to produce enough oil for " replacement " to have much meaning; but British Petroleum keeps on looking for some more to add to its tiny production here, and recently Esso Petroleum has applied for a licence to prospect for oil. And the process of exploration for oil in Britain has offered some incidental benefits to other fuel industries.

At a time when most of the discussion of the oil industry around the world is centred on how to deal with a surplus that is constantly overflowing into the market and pushing prices down, the concern of the international oil industry with exploring to find yet more of it may strike the onlooker as quixotic. Yet this industry, which is currently spending something of the order of £2,000,000,000 a year on exploration and on developing successfully " proved " oilfields into production, is one of the most acutely-managed in the world; it tends to have good reasons for what it is doing. These reasons are not always the same for different companies; but they also tend to be logical from the point of view of the whole industry.

Shell, for example, has recently agreed to pay the Ruler of Kuwait a cool £30,000,000 for the right to look for oil in the Persian Gulf off the shores of this small, fabulously rich sheikhdom. This latest concession agreement is not out of line with the 50-50 principle that the big international companies stick to; but in terms of benefit to the " host government " concerned it is one of the most generous deals ever made. Yet companies already producing in Kuwait, as elsewhere in the Middle East, are still arguing with its government over the last cut in the price of oil that was made in August 1960 simply because there was too much cheap oil on offer throughout the world.

Such a deal, which in the short run may appear likely to add to the surplus of oil which is currently depressing profits—for companies as well as the sheikhs they share these with—is in fact logical not only in terms of the particular company but in terms of the industry. There is capacity available in the Middle East to supply at very short notice far more oil than is being taken out to-day; but Shell's share of it is somewhat limited. The group has a share in the Iraq Petroleum Company and in the consortium that produces and markets Iranian oil; but it has nothing to compare with, for example, British Petroleum's half-share of Kuwait Oil Company. Right around the world, the Shell group is constantly buying considerable tonnages of crude to make up the throughput of its refining and marketing operations.

This, in the current state of the oil industry, is by no means an inconvenient position to be in; at the margin, Shell has tremendous bargaining power in a market where much less powerful buyers can secure discounts. It has long-term contracts for very large tonnages of oil at substantial fixed discounts below the ruling prices of crude oil; and it is constantly making good bargains for supplies on a shorter-term basis. At the same time, even so big a buyer has to pay somewhat more than if it were producing the oil itself. Moreover, a group of this importance must always be seeking its advantage in the long term as well as the short; it wants to gain control of oil that can be produced for the future, to replace—perhaps even more profitably—what it is at present taking out elsewhere.

That concern with oil to-morrow as well as to-day is the prime motive of exploration throughout the world; the big international companies, in particular, are concerned not only with immediate advantage but with staying in business. Each company is concerned to maintain or improve its own position in the industry, and the reserves of oil that it can command; moreover, if one company passes up the chance to explore in a new territory it knows some of its rivals will not fail to do so. Over longish periods, perhaps, the oil industry as a whole may carry out somewhat less exploration in a period of surplus than when demand is strong enough to keep prices high and stable; but not much less.

There are outside pressures, too, which incline the companies to explore. Some under-developed countries may make exploration in their territories a condition of allowing the companies to sell oil products there; and few countries in which oil concessions of any kind have been awarded are prepared to allow a company to postpone its operations for long. There are usually time limits on concessions, requiring the concessionnaires to spend a given amount of money on exploration or else give the concession up. None of these pressures apply in Britain, which takes a liberal attitude towards its oil companies in general and towards mineral development of every kind. British Petroleum has had a limited programme of drilling going on in Britain for many years now; partly to explore the possibilities of production here, but also to act as a training-ground for its large force of technicians concerned with this part of the company's operations. The first exploration for oil in Britain was an emergency programme in the First World War; in the mid-'30's, there was a revival of commercial interest. But BP, until very recently, has been the only company with a continuing interest in exploration here; also the only one to achieve actual production.

The techniques of exploration—and the varieties of professional expert concerned—are constantly being widened. During the last war the company's discovery and development of the Eakring oilfield in Nottinghamshire made small but significant contributions to one of the country's scarcest resources. About 2,000,000 tons of recoverable crude oil have been " proved " in Britain, apart from the shale deposits from which oil can be refined; but actual production of crude oil in Britain at present is little more than 100 tons a day, only about a tenth as much as one well may produce in certain of the company's fields in the Middle East.

A small BP oil well at Eakring in Nottinghamshire

Although there are other quite promising geological structures to be found in the British Isles, no very significant production has ever been achieved: Esso's decision to go in for some exploration in the South of England indicates fresh optimism about this " basin " area, which certainly appears promising, and there are parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire where small natural gas deposits, at any rate, have been located. Drilling here has not been entirely for petroleum as a liquid; a five-year search for natural gas has been carried out on behalf of the Gas Council, so far with pretty disappointing results. One thing it did find, however, was a chance of putting natural gas into the underground strata of Britain, even if one could not find much of it already there. Certain underground caverns have been located that might be used for large-scale storage of natural gas which may be imported from abroad; by enabling gas to be stored against the winter peak load, this can cut costs.

Techniques of drilling primarily developed for oil, again, have in the last few years been adopted by its main competitor, coal. Traditionally, coal has " out-cropped " or has been found so near the surface that exploration for it has hardly been necessary; but with the gradual depletion of current seams, coal-mining operators are having to take borings, too, and the National Coal Board now has a constant drilling programme. More coal is taken out of British mines every week than all the oil ever produced in this country; yet considering the time that the oil companies have been looking, as against the mining managements, it may well be that Britain has been more extensively prospected for oil than it has ever needed to be for coal.

A prestressed concrete water tower at Orebro, Sweden. At the top is a restaurant

The modern water tower at Corgenon, France, can hold 396,000 gallons

A precast, prestressed concrete viaduct carries the new motorway from Paris to the South, for a distance of 730 ft., over the valley of the Blèvre at Arcueil

The tulip shape water tower is at the New Ulster Hospital near Belfast

A 164-ft.-high water tower with a glass-enclosed observation tower, in Rome

CONCRETE OVERSEAS

The design of the modern architect and the advantages of modern materials and construction methods have turned the old water tower, which at best has only an ungainly, antediluvian charm, into a structure which is exciting visually and often enhances the surroundings in which it is placed. In many places on the Continent, new water towers have sprung up: they have storage advantages which make them more desirable than other forms of water supply. In most of the new large and medium-sized towns of Sweden, over the last fifteen years, new water towers have been constructed, and in Stockholm direct pumping systems supplying several large areas are to be replaced by these structures. The use of prestressed concrete is enabling designers to employ a wide variety of shapes, needing thinner walls and supports, and simplifying problems of water leakage. The prestressed tower in a residential district of Orebro, in Sweden, is an example. It cost about £165,000, in comparison with the £180,000 estimated for a structure of similar capacity but conventional design. Many of the towers have the shape of a mushroom. One is the structure built on the E.U.R. site in Rome. Its slim reinforced concrete columns are in a pattern of continuous Vs.

The smooth, sweeping curves of concrete shapes can also be seen on the new French motorway running south from Paris—l'Autoroute du Sud. The first section of the motorway is 25 miles long and has seventy major bridge structures. It starts near the Cité Universitaire church in the capital, crosses the Bièvre Valley at Arcueil, and then sweeps west of Orly Airport, to which there is a three-mile spur. There is another spur to join the Route Nationale No. 20, and the motorway continues to Fontainebleau, where it joins R.N.7. It is planned to continue the road towards Lyons. The whole of the route so far, except for one short stretch, is constructed in concrete, with a concrete running surface.

Right: The new motorway is carried over Route Nationale No. 7 at Orly Airport in a long curve

The French Line's s.s. *France*, now being constructed at St. Nazaire for the Havre-Southampton-New York route, will have a highly distinctive profile, as is shown by the artist's impression. The next stage of her construction is the addition of the funnels. These will be 54 ft. high, 66 ft. long at the base and have a "wing-span" of 63 ft. Smoke will not leave from the funnel tops but will be diverted through the wings to avoid soiling the decks. The *France*, the longest liner in the world, is to be commissioned at the end of this year

FOCUS ON SHIPPING

The m.v. *Bamora*, a single-screw, motor-driven 7,500-ton cargo liner for the British India Steam Navigation Co. Ltd., sails on her trials before being handed over to her owners. She was built by Harland and Wolff Ltd., at their Govan shipyard and is the fourth of five similar vessels ordered by the company

The cargo vessel m.v. *Marietta*, of 13,000 tons, is launched at the shipyard of The Burntisland Shipbuilding Co. Ltd., in Scotland. Built for the Panultra Line of Panama, she has been designed to carry all classes of general cargo. She is powered by a Swedish-built Gotaverken diesel engine and has five cargo holds and a modern, streamlined appearance

At Greenock, in Scotland, the 10,000-ton cargo ship *Clan McNab* slides down the slipway, launched by the Dowager Countess Jellicoe, aunt of Sir Nicholas Cayzer, chairman of the British and Commonwealth Shipping Company. The ship was built by the Greenock Dockyard Company for the Clan Line, part of the shipping group

In the Belfast shipyard of Harland and Wolff, Ltd., the oil tanker *British Cormorant* is at anchor after her launching. The single-screw, diesel-engined 15,500-ton vessel is being built for BP Tanker Co. Ltd. She is one of six similar vessels constructed or under construction by the shipbuilding firm for BP. (Two, *British Mallard* and *British Gull*, are in service.) Of normal tanker design, she is over 520 ft. long. Her modern equipment includes steam-driven pumps for the cargo oil

The motorship *Letitia*, the third liner of the Donaldson Line Ltd., to bear this name, enters the water after being named at the shipyard of Hall, Russell and Co. Ltd., at Aberdeen. A medium-sized cargo liner, 315 ft-long the *Letitia* is fully equipped for service on North Atlantic, St. Lawrence Seaway and Great Lakes routes. She can carry twelve passengers and over 6,000 tons of cargo. The *Letitia* is the third vessel built by the Aberdeen firm for the shipping line since 1959

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

THE POLICY MAKERS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

When insurance companies are mentioned, Stock Exchange men tend to genuflect. Together with pension fund trustees, the Church Commissioners and a very few other really big cash-laden institutions, it is the insurance companies that set the market pace. A decision taken in some inner fastness of the Prudential's red fortress in High Holborn one morning can set prices climbing or falling in the Stock Exchange. A regretful shake of one or two heads in half a dozen other insurance offices can kill a projected share issue; for if the big insurance men decline to underwrite, the news has a way of getting around and everyone else will tend to sheer off.

Other industries may feel the jostle of competition and the bite of Government credit curbs. The insurance companies seem to stride forward unperturbed, even when hurricanes and floods, here and in America, suck away huge sums in compensation claims. Last year new life assurance and annuity premiums came to £172,000,000, a fifth higher than in 1959, covering policies with benefits of about £2,700,000,000. This was a record for the industry. The Prudential's share of this new premium income was nearly £19,000,000.

Naturally, these big funds have to be invested and a good slice of them comes to the stock markets. The investment managers of the companies are always on the watch for attractively-priced stock. But recently there has been a drastic change in the investment policies of some of the leading companies. Whereas once they were content to make fixed-interest loans to property groups, they now demand a stake in the "risk" capital as well. They have watched the sharp appreciation of so many property shares over the last few years and see no reason why they should not have some of the gains. Sir Brian Mountain's Eagle Star Insurance is the latest to take this new line. Last October it linked with Second Covent Garden Property to take a debenture and equity stake in the development of Place Ville Marie, in Montreal. Last month, it arranged to buy £2,700,000 worth of Ordinary shares in the Bernard Sunley Investment Trust which has extensive property interests in Britain and overseas. Other major insurance groups which have taken substantial Ordinary shareholdings in property groups are Legal and General, the Pearl, the Prudential, Equity and Law Life and Norwich Union.

Inevitably, this policy must funnel off some of the funds that would otherwise be used to buy good industrial shares and debentures. Nevertheless, the insurance men will become an increasingly dominant influence in the joint stock companies covering a wide range of industry as their shareholdings rise. Had they ganged-up to oppose the bid by Ford of America for the minority holding in Ford of Dagenham there is no doubt they could have frustrated it. The wise take-over bidder for a company in which the insurance companies have a substantial stake takes discreet soundings as to whether his proposed terms would be acceptable before proceeding far.

The implications of this power have never been squarely faced either by the insurance companies themselves or by the companies in which they have big investments. The former's policy is usually to observe from afar, take their dividends and not to interfere in the running of the companies. Only rarely is this rule contravened and then only in what are seen as highly-exceptional circumstances. But the fact remains that the insurance companies, collectively, hold a power denied to individual smaller investors, who so far have no corporate body to represent their interests.

Fears have sometimes been expressed that the wave of mergers and take-overs in the insurance world may lead to a near monopoly. Such alarm is certainly not justified at present. In the past year or so there have been about a dozen mergers but there are plenty of independent companies left to compete with one another. There are four big "life" offices—that is companies conducting a high proportion of life assurance, and more than a dozen leading "composite" companies conducting all types of insurance. The latest proposed merger is between the Royal and the London and Lancashire which will make a group with combined assets of more than £400,000,000. More mergers are certainly being discussed in boardrooms at this moment and one of the probable bidders this year is Yorkshire Insurance which was beaten some eighteen months ago in its attempt to take over Norwich Union.

Insurance shares are mostly "heavyweights"—Britannic stand at around £12, Pearl at about £8, Prudential "A" shares now at near £19 and Royal Exchange at more than £5. This tends to make them unpopular with the small investor who has an almost ineradicable belief that a lot of low-priced shares are better value than a few high-priced ones. It is a pity because insurance shares give the security resulting from a wide spread of underlying investment and managements distribute fairly generously when their income rises. When trustees are given their new powers this year to invest funds under their control in equity shares, it is to insurance shares that many of them will turn. The yields are low, it is true, but they have enormous growth potential, assuming that the nation's economy remains moderately buoyant. Some have quadrupled in value in the last five or six years.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

The bar at Mweya Safari Lodge in Queen Elizabeth National Park, Uganda

In a previous issue I promised to return in more detail to my experiences in East Africa, and Uganda in particular. Much of the ground I covered there was not even on the map a hundred years ago. To-day vast areas around the Upper Nile are reserved for game. Yet the visitor need not fear that he will have to put up with hardship and lack of civilised amenities as far as his living conditions are concerned. He would not have to get a shower-bath from a bucket in the back yard as the young Winston Churchill did in 1907 at the Imperial Hotel in Kampala. In the Oriental splendour of the same hotel he will find a private bath (and a telephone) for every room, and enjoy a punctilious and obliging service in the dining-room such as he will rarely encounter in Europe.

The *tâble d'hôte* menu consists of ten courses, numbered in Swahili to overcome language difficulties, and I was told that it is the "done" thing to go right through the whole lot, from the chilled *consommé* to the fresh fruit. The meat is of good quality and well prepared; and the fish is most frequently the ubiquitous denizen of Victoria Nyanza, the tilapia, cooked in a variety of ways, "*Véronique*," "*à la Portugaise*," "*Florentine*," etc. It is a very versatile fish, of good flavour and firm texture, reminiscent of the lake fish in Switzerland.

Considering the climate, which must make the cellarman's job extremely hard, I found the wine lists varied and more than adequate everywhere with a good representation of all the areas in Europe and South Africa. At our first dinner in Africa our host said that it would be fitting to drink African wines with our meal. I was pleasantly surprised how good they were; I enjoyed them more than I have ever liked any South African wine in Europe. The white was *La Gratitude*, which went extremely well with our fish (with spinach, cheese sauce and caviar), and the red, *Château Libertas*, might have been a mature example of the lighter Burgundies. I am told that both these wines are obtainable in London—at very modest prices.

This dinner took place at the Mount Elgon Hotel, one of the latest and most comfortable of the eight hotels operated by Uganda Hotels Limited. The surprising combination of a Swiss manager and an English chef give it an almost Continental atmosphere, including the cuisine. The same company run the safari lodges in the Murchison Falls and Queen Elizabeth National Parks. Paraa Lodge, the first, is really in the "wilds." You might come face to face with a wild elephant roaming in the grounds on your way back to your bungalow at night, to the tune of many hippo grunting like giant pigs down by the river bank and hyenas howling not so far away. But the dinner you have eaten to give you strength for all this has been excellent. The choice of drinks, in view of the isolated position, is quite amazing, from the iced lager brewed in Uganda on the Nile, to a bottle of good claret, properly served, not to mention an extremely well-stocked bar.

Mweya Safari Lodge, in Queen Elizabeth National Park, is even more beautifully situated on a promontory overlooking Lake Edward with the Ruwenzori Range in the background. Little bats may be darting in and out under the thatch roof of the spacious bar, but they cannot spoil your enjoyment of the excellent dry martini you may drink before dinner. Your meal is made more interesting by the inclusion of the *spécialité de la maison* invented by the manager—smoked tilapia. The process is simple—the exquisite, unique flavour is imparted by the smoke of a certain grass found nearby, burnt in the oven.

As a complete contrast a visit to the White Horse Inn (another hotel of the same chain) at Kabale, altitude 6,200 ft., will give you a feeling of "*comfort cossu*," as you sit by a blazing log fire sipping a fine brandy after an excellent dinner. It is near the borders of the Congo and Tanganyika, close to the Equator, and the evenings are pleasantly cool.

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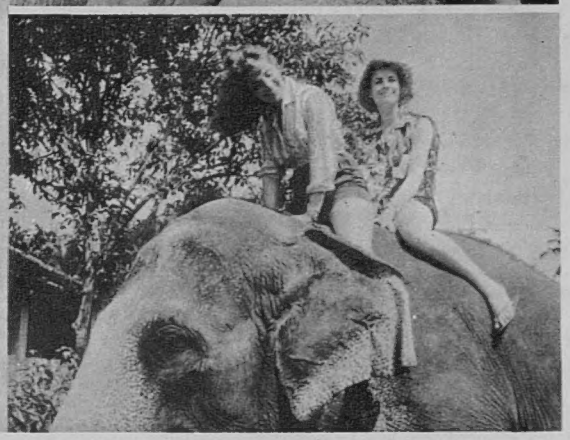

✻ *For information consult your travel agent or Ceylon House, 13 Hyde Park Gardens, London W.2. or write direct to:*

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MOTORING

BRITISH STANDARDISED CAR?

Less need for decoking and other topics

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Mr. Maurice Edelman, one of the Labour M.P.s for Coventry, should have known better than to raise the hoary old question in the House of Commons the other day, about whether Britain should follow the example of Germany's Volkswagen and concentrate on building one standardised car. The fabulous success of the German people's car was, I thought, put in proper perspective by Mr. Reginald Maudling, President of the Board of Trade. He said he was not sure that the success of the Volkswagen was necessarily attributable to the scale of its production alone. Their salesmanship and after-sales service had been remarkably good.

Two other factors Mr. Maudling might have mentioned are the fundamentally sound design of the VW and the mystique which had always surrounded the German car as a result of all that Adolf Hitler did to inspire it. The British motor industry had a chance to "adopt" the Volkswagen immediately after the war. The offer was declined. In my opinion it was the right decision. To do otherwise would have passed a vote of no confidence on British designers.

A doctor told me the other day that he had not had his Rover decarbonised for 70,000 miles. It set me thinking. In between the wars it was customary to decoke a car every 5,000 miles or so. "Nowadays," said a garage friend I spoke to about this, "it is quite usual for the bigger cars to go 50,000 miles without having the head off." He said he thought this was largely due to the use of better quality petrol and oil. They deposit so little carbon on piston crowns, valve-heads and in combustion chambers that there is seldom need to dismantle an engine for decoking. When the head is removed nowadays it is usually for the purpose of dealing with badly burnt valves.

The science of metallurgy has made such big strides that valves have a much longer life than formerly even when working in higher engine temperatures. Small engines give more trouble in this respect, presumably because they usually have to work relatively harder. One weakness is the grain structure of the valve-head, which sometimes causes warping. The makers of one small British car recommend the removal of the head after the first 3,000 to 5,000 miles, not for decoking but to face-up and true-up the valves. "When this is done," said my garage friend, "it has often been found unnecessary to take off the cylinder head again for the rest of the car's life."

Someone asked me the other day what had happened to the old Roads Beautifying Association, started in 1928 by Dr. Wilfrid Fox after the Royal Horticultural Society had been repeatedly snubbed by local authorities to whom it offered advice about planting trees and shrubs on the new roads they were building. I am happy to report that the Association is very much alive and that Dr. Fox is still a regular attendant at its meetings. Perhaps its finest achievement was the part it played in persuading the Ministry of Transport of the æsthetic importance of landscaping new roads.

The Ministry now has full-time expert advisers on this subject. They are doing the work the Association formerly did but there is still plenty of scope and its services are retained by a number of county councils, urban and rural district councils and big industrial organisations. Nearly 600 miles of road in forty-one counties have been expertly planted with the right kinds of trees and shrubs on the advice of the Association and often under its direct supervision. Some of the best evidence of its splendid work is to be found on such roads as the Mickleham by-pass between Dorking and Leatherhead; the Oxford-Henley road at Bix; and on the Winchester, Guildford, and Market Harborough by-passes.

The Queen Mother is still patroness of the Association, the Duke of Devonshire is its president and members can be proud of the fact that ten of the experts serving on the council have received the Royal Horticultural Society's Victoria Medal of Honour. The offices of the R.B.A. are at Kipling House, Villiers Street, London, W.C.2.

A Vauxhall Victor de Luxe, ordered by the King of Nepal during his State visit to Britain, is lowered onto the *Hoperange* at the Royal Albert Docks, London, to be transported to Nepal. The car is painted the same red as the "tabs" of the King's uniform as an honorary Field-Marshal in the British army

As far as actual production is concerned the only cars of 1½ litres or under available with automatic transmission are the Rootes Group Hillmans and Singers using the Smiths "magic powder" gear-box, and the little Dutch DAF, which has a belt-and-pulley system. Other automatic transmissions suitable for small cars are known to be under development, and I was glad of the opportunity recently to try out a Ford Anglia that had been fitted, experimentally, with the Hobbs Mechamatic system, which uses epicyclic gear trains, but unlike most automatic gear-boxes has no fluid flywheel.

It worked very well and I was most impressed. The gear lever was on the floor. In this form you move it fore and aft, in a straight line. You pull it right back for the "A" (automatic) position. Any of the four ratios can be selected and held at will by simply moving the lever backwards or forwards to the desired position.

It was not a good year for Britain in the Monte Carlo Rally and inquests have been going on in all the big firms who spent thousands of pounds on factory teams. In their laudable attempt to ensure that the Rally is fairly and squarely won on the road to Monaco, and not as the result of a subsequent test, the organisers have introduced a handicapping system which this year favoured the smaller cars.

There was a lot of moaning and groaning about this afterwards, especially among the drivers of the bigger cars and the people who had entered them. It was an unpleasant reminder of the extent to which commercialism is now dominating the Monte. It is far from being the gay adventure that originally endeared the Monte Carlo Rally crews to an admiring—and envious—British public. But although I think most of the crews take themselves too seriously nowadays, the clowning of the B.B.C.'s Peter Dimmock in a London taxi had nothing to commend it.

Briefly . . . . A new "Roto-matic" screen-washer by Trico-Folberth can be fitted to any car and costs 27s. 6d. . . . Jet Petroleum, the cut-price Lincolnshire firm, now has filling stations in London . . . .

Latest motoring travel book: Rodney Walkerley's *With Your Car in Switzerland and Northern Italy* (Muller. 12s. 6d.). It 's good. . . . The owners of 8,534 cars which were driven or towed away by the police from London's Christmas "Pink Zone" had to pay fees totalling over £17,000 . . . .

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